

## A Dilemma.

BY ELLEN DERRY.

See poor old Aunt Abby! What a pitiful figure she makes. Her old goose is dead—the old goose she has been saving so long to make a feather bed. Somebody came and told her so more than an hour ago. She stands there, with her mouth partly open, the under lip hanging down in an undecided sort of way, and the corners of her eyelids drooping as she looks first at the poor old goose she holds in her hand, and then helplessly around as if to ask counsel of some one. Clearly Aunt Abby is in trouble. But it is not about the *death* of the goose that she is at the present moment chiefly exercised. *That* she accepts as something that is past, and cannot be helped, although she is sorry for it. The question now in her mind is, whether she shall bury the poor old goose with its feathers on, or pull them off to add to the stock she has already accumulated for the proposed feather bed. There are several pros and cons to the matter, and so she stands there, and suffers the wind to frizzle her gray hair and twist her cap awry, while her jaw droops lower and lower, and her eyebrows draw closer together, and she mutters to herself ever and anon, “I am in a dilemma.”

And she has always been in a dilemma. When she was an infant, she never could tell whether she wanted to be rocked to sleep in the cradle, or in her mother's arms, so she would change from the one to the other until she had exhausted the patience of all concerned; when her mother would sometimes settle the matter by slapping her soundly, and leaving her to cry herself to sleep in the cradle. When she grew older, she spent so much time deliberating over whether she should go to school or study at home, that she found herself old enough to get married without having acquired a decent education. *That* she accepted as something that could not be helped *now*, and set herself to work to settle the next great question in life.

She could not decide which she liked the best—Harry Jones with the nice little side whiskers—all that fashion allowed young men in those days—and the thriving store in the village, or Seth Hamlin, with no whiskers at all, and the fine rolling farm on the river side. She hesitated so long about it that both young men grew tired, and took to themselves wives of a more decided turn of mind. Then, in a fit of vexation, her father settled the matter

for her, and she became the wife of red-headed Joe Walters the carpenter. When her eldest son got to be quite a lad, she could not decide whether to have him put to a trade or sent to college; and, while his father was patiently waiting for her to settle the question, the boy ran away and went to sea. Her daughters astonished her by getting married before she had decided whether they should put on long dresses, or wear short ones a while longer. Her hens perpetually astonished and perplexed her by coming off with whole broods of chickens, hatched while she was trying to decide whether she would sell the eggs or pack them down.

Her pigs destroyed her garden while she was settling whether they should run in a pasture or be put in a pen. Her fruit rotted on the trees and bushes before she could tell whether to dry it, can it, preserve it, or sell it. Her husband wore ragged linen, and went out at elbows half the time, because she could not tell whether bleached or unbleached was the most suitable for shirts, or whether homespun or Kentucky jean served best for every-day wear. She spent time enough to have earned half a dozen new dresses in deciding whether her black silk should be turned down side up or up side down, or whether she should dye her old drab merino green or brown. So she has gone through life in a half state of mournful resignation to the unruly past, and questioning and debasing with regard to the future.

So she stands trembling in the winter wind, with the goose in her hand, until her grandson Joe comes along, and, comprehending the state of the case in an instant, takes the bird from her hand, and bidding her go in out of the cold, he proceeds to strip off the feathers preparatory to burying it. As he does so he mutters to himself—and you scarcely know whether he means the bird or the woman—

**POOR OLD GOOSE!**

## A Happy Childhood.

BY J. E. M'C.

Little Ned was invited out to tea with his mother, and as there were children in the house, I let him go. I was sorry I did afterwards, it was such a dull afternoon to him."

"My children never have any playthings to litter up the house with," the lady explained to me. The little girl was clamorous for a big doll-baby her mother paid two dollars for on Christmas; but no, dolly was shut away up stairs, and all the satisfaction she gave the little six-year-old girl was the knowledge that she possessed her. A half a dollar's worth of little tin cups and phials would have given her far more satisfaction if she might have used them. Cut off from all toys, the children took their amusement out in using their voices vigorously, so that the elders could scarcely hear themselves think. It was a handsome, tasteful home, but I was not surprised that the oldest took to the street and its ways as soon as he was old enough to take his initiation. The two little ones were so fretful and ungovernable, the mother was constantly mortified, and the guests most uncomfortable. I was not sorry when the hour for return came, and Neddy rejoiced once more in the abundant, simple treasures of his play-room, which were more attractive than ever after seeing the destitution of those "poor children," which, though but a three-year-old, he could fully commiserate.

Children cannot develop well without amusement, and plenty of it, too. It is the best antidote for fretfulness—a great deal better than sharp words. They only add oil to flame. Encourage your child to play vigorously and heartily. Some one says, "a boy not fond of fun and frolic may possibly make a tolerable man, but he is an intolerable boy."

Don't be too much alarmed if he is pretty often "into mischief." Those who never are in mischief are either your sly children or very delicate, if not imbecile. Take it as a token that your child has some snap about him, and let it be your care to

properly repress and guide his activity, but never seek to root it out. A sullen, miserable misanthrope will be the result if you should succeed.

Don't be a bit afraid of making your child too

happy. Happiness is the sweet sunshine of the heart in which all lovely graces flourish best. "The memory of a sunshiny childhood is the best capital a man can have to begin life with."

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## For Jamie's Sake.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

Ten by the stroke of the clock. They are all at rest in the old house at home, for they keep early hours there. Gentle, pale-faced, uncomplaining mother has folded up her work and laid it away in the great open-mouthed basket, whose contents, like the oil in the widow's cruse, are never lessened by subtraction; and in a stern, hard voice father has read in the book how God's wrath is kindled against His offenders (touching never upon those passages that tell of His love, His tenderness, His pity for the erring), and, kneeling, in the same dry, uncompassionating voice has offered up the petition that all such offenders may be judged without mercy—that only they who with unwavering purpose and never-wandering will have walked in strict obedience to God's Word may be counted worthy of His salvation, and receive the blessing of Heaven now and forevermore. (O, my Father, who shall stand?) The prayer ended, Benny, with a bitter, scornful smile breaking up the grave, tender lines of his fine mouth, has lit his candle and strode away in silence to his room; and dear sister Belle, with something of mother's patient, saintly look in her face, has bidden a sweet "good-night" and fluttered out into the hall and up the stairway to the dainty, white-walled, snowy-curtained chamber that we used to share together.

There is no sound now but the quick beating

of the little gothic clock upon the wide, old-fashioned mantel in the deserted family room, but the fire burns clear and bright there (for the fires never go out at Hill Side Cottage in winter), and the light and the darkness gambol together like merry children, leaping high and crouching low, giving living motion and strange, unearthly beauty to the quaint old pictures on the wall. Oh, if I might drag my numbed limbs and stretch my aching fingers to the blessed warmth! The atmosphere is like summer there, and Belle's tea-roses and pet geraniums put forth their tender leaves fearlessly as in their native air; and her blithe little singer, in his coat of sunshine, catching the fragrance of their breath, dreams straightway of the odorous groves, the gorgeous bloom, and the spicy airs of his native isles—a dim tradition of which forever haunts his bird brain—and pricks his golden breast with a wild unrest that breaks anon in wondrous trills and breathless flights of song. True poet, he!

Dear bird, we mortals, too, have dreams, and visions, and recognitions of another life than this—a less tumultuous life, and truer—but cramped and fettered in our house of clay, restlessly beating at our prison doors, homesick and yearning, we cannot pour our souls in praise like thee.

How fiercely the wind rattles the shrunken, rotten sash, and shakes the rusty fastenings of my door, as if half tempted to come in and slay me with his breath! With what a merciless hand the cruel, cruel cold clutches at my heart! I am shivering like one in mortal terror. I am faint unto death with long fasting—worn and utterly weary I am in body and in soul. It is not much; for myself it doesn't matter; I could say joyfully to hunger and cold, do your worst, and well so, for I should sooner reach rest, and Richard, and Heaven—but for Jamie's sake! Beat swifter, heart, be nimble, oh, my fingers, life must be bravely borne for Jamie's sake. Oh, my precious!—that strange, strange look he gave me before he fell asleep—it haunts me yet.

"Lie with me a little while, mamma," he plead; "only a little while—I am so cold."

"I cannot, darling," I said, with cruel hard-heartedness. "Lie still and sleep. Mamma must work while the light burns, or Jamie will have no bread to-morrow."

He nestled down under the scanty covering of his bed, silenced by this unanswerable argument. But presently the little blue hands were again outstretched to me.

"Mamma, is it warm up in Heaven?"

"Yes, dear."

"And light, mamma? It is always light there, isn't it?"

"Always," I answered, a vision of the Holy City of the Apocalypse sending an instant thrill of joy to my soul.

"And the angels are never hungry, think?"

"Never, my boy."

"Oh, mamma, why can't we go to Heaven—you and I?"

"God has not opened the way for us yet."

Another silence.

"Mamma?"

"Well."

"You think that God—Him that blessed little children I mean—you think He hears me when I pray, don't you?"

"Surely, Jamie."

"And if I should pray *very hard* for Him to take us up to Heaven, where papa is, don't you believe He would?"

"Ah, my dear child, indeed I cannot tell."

"Well, I'll ask Him, anyhow, mamma," he said, clasping his hands fervently together, and looking earnestly above. "Dear, good Mr. Jesus, we're so hungry and cold—mamma and I are—and we haven't got any fire, nor anything to eat. I didn't have half supper enough to-night, and mamma didn't have a bit. Please do let us come to Heaven right away. I know you are a good, blessed Jesus, for mamma says so. She reads about you in her book when she don't have to sew. We want to get to Heaven so bad. Please send papa right after us to-night, and I'll be a good boy, and never do naughty things any more. We want to go just now, we're so cold. Do, please, send for us quick. Amen."

"There, ma," he said, with a sigh of profound satisfaction, "I know Jesus heard me, for I feel so good here" (laying his hand upon his breast) "so don't cry any more, you darling mamma. Now if I happen to go to sleep, you must be sure to wake me when papa comes. I can get ready real quick. I wish I had a better jacket to wear, though, don't you, ma? But I guess God will see about that" (with another sigh of relief), "so don't you worry. Kiss me good-night now. I'll kiss you good-morning in Heaven, blessed mamma."

"Oh the simple faith of childhood! If we could carry it always with us we might be happier."

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How slowly my work progresses. I cannot fix my thoughts upon it. My heavy hands re-

fuse almost to execute my will. This will never do. These garments must be finished before I sleep, or the dreadful alternative of death by starvation awaits my Jamie. How clumsy and awkward my fingers are! These last stitches are so unskillfully taken—they will pass unnoticed, I wonder? Oh no, the quick, sharp eyes of Asa Stone will find them out. He will look at me frowningly, and say again, in that cruel, cutting voice of his, "Woman, you grow worse and worse. I shall give you only half pay for this work, and perhaps you will do better next time." How aggrieved and indignant he appeared to-night when I begged—is *that* the word?—aye, *begged* him to pay me a part of my wages in advance—a mere trifle, just sufficient to procure a handful of fuel and a morsel of food, for I could work so much swifter if my bodily wants were even in a small measure supplied. Oh what a face he turned upon me!

"How can you ask such a thing of me?" he said; "I have engaged to deliver the goods to-morrow, and those articles must be finished to-night. If I pay you in advance, what surety have I that you will not take your ease and cheat me of a good customer? No, madam, I don't want your word" (with a sneer), "I want your work. When you have earned your money you shall have it, but I never conduct my business on the credit system."

The man is possessed of a devil. It speaks in the sharp, keen glitter of his eye; in the eager, greedy, clutching movements of his fingers; in the restless, darting, swooping motions of his body; in the cruel cunning of his speech. God have mercy upon your soul, Asa Stone! Wretched, suffering, steeped to the lips in penury as I am—rich, powerful, rioting in this world's goods as you are—I would not change conditions with you to-night.

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What visions of warmth, and light, and blessedness flit before my eyes! Unsatisfying all! I stand outside the windows of my father's house—the fire shines brightly through the frosty panes—it mocks, but does not warm me. I reach my hands out yearningly, but no one bids me enter. Should I call, one, in a voice of thunder, would cry, "Begone! I know you not." The old house-cat may bask luxuriously in the generous warmth. Even Bruno in his kennel, and Lapwing and Lightfoot in their stables, know nothing of the pangs of hunger, or of cold. Of the master's house, only the master's daughter is unthought of and un-

care'd for. It is just, it is just—so always shall it fare with the wayward and the disobedient.

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I cannot work, I cannot! My hands fall away as if they were another's, and I have no power over them. I say, oh hands, for Jamie's sake do not fail me! and they flutter an instant with feeble, uncertain motion, then drop heavily again at my side. Not even for Jamie's sake! How hard and unfeeling I have grown. Curse and sneer, Asa Stone—defraud me of my dues and refuse to give me work, I do not mind. I know if I fail to finish my task Jamie will have nothing to eat to-morrow, and yet it does not trouble me, so heartless I am. Such a feeling of infinite rest and peace is on me. God will provide. I long only to lie down and sleep, and sleep. God will take care.

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Towards noon of a day succeeding the most intensely cold night that had been known for years, a man heavily coated and furred strode up the creaking stairs leading to the third story of an old, dilapidated tenant-house in — street, and groping cautiously along the dim passage, paused before a door at the extreme left, and rapped sharply upon it with the hard head of his walking-stick. There was no response.

"I don't know but I may have mistaken the room," he muttered, impatiently. "Curse the woman! She'll have to pay for this trouble."

The knock was repeated. Still, no sound within. With an ugly oath the man threw his foot against the door, and, the imperfect fastenings yielding quickly to the impetuous blow, it swung wide open, revealing a scene which might have touched a heart less strong than his who looked upon it. The air of the room was more chill even than that outside, the ashes were dead on the hearth, the oil had burned quite out of the small lamp standing on a rough table in the centre of the wretched apartment, a heap of unfinished work lay where it had carelessly fallen on the carpetless floor, and upon the poor bed a woman and child—the former with no covering except her thin, daily apparel—lay in sweet, unconscious sleep.

The intruder's eye dwelt on these last items—the unfinished garments and the sleeping woman—and his hard face darkened with an angry frown.

"What, madam! asleep, and your work undone?" he cried, in an injured tone. "How

can I trust you? You were to bring the articles to me by nine o'clock to-day, and it is now—"

He paused as if smitten by a sudden fear. His voice awoke no motion in the sleepers. He moved quickly across the room and touched the cheek of the woman, who lay in a weary, careless attitude, her hands thrown lightly over her head, a happy, restful expression on the still, white face.

The man drew back with a scared look. Then, as if not wholly satisfied, he approached again, essayed to unclasp the thin, wasted fingers, bent his ear to her breast, leaned over and touched his hand to the forehead of the sleeping child. The look of horror grew more intense.

"Dead!—Frozen!" The terrified exclamation was scarcely above his breath. "Good God! I might have prevented this. But I will atone," was added compunctiously, "I will atone. The woman shall have something better than a pauper's burial. The world shall see that Asa Stone has a heart that can feel for the poor. Well, well, no doubt this is the most fortunate event that could have happened to the poor lady and the child."

Truly, "the most fortunate event!" Beyond sorrowing and beyond suffering!

Lightly, on the soul of Asa Stone, rests the burden of his murderous sin, and simple in his eyes is the atonement. Yet a day cometh!

## Little Georgie.

BY BELLA ST. AUBYN.

What a quaint, odd little specimen of humanity! I could not help laughing every time I looked into the droll little face, with its white teeth displayed, in the most impish of smiles, and eyes as black as a sloe, twinkling like stars! I think of poor "Topsy," the creature of Mrs. Stowe's creation reproduced in real life; only the face is yellow instead of black, and the features, even rather handsome than homely.

This little creature is a "fixture" in our present home, and a source of unusual interest and amusement. The way we came to have her, is this:—

Shortly after coming South, Mrs. D—— and I went to visit a lady friend twelve miles north of P——. While there, the conversation of the party turned upon "cruelty to slaves." My experiences had not been such as to confirm me in a belief of all I heard upon this subject, and through charitable feeling, I believe solely, I tried in a measure to defend them.

"I lived in Virginia many years," I said, in answer to Colonel B——, who had drawn me out thus by some remark, "and I never saw anything of the kind in my life. My guardian had hosts of negroes, but I never knew one punished by the lash on his plantation; and though I occasionally heard of such things on others, I scarcely believed them. It seems to me that this evil has been magnified. I cannot believe that men in a Christianized country can be such cruel monsters as represented. Their own interests, if no more, would prove something of a check to them in such wholesale butchery as we hear of now-a-days."

"There you mistake, though one would naturally think so," was the reply. "Even now, when circumstances of war have deprived them of nearly every slave they possess, some of these people are so in the habit of treating their slaves brutally, they cannot

refrain from it. As a proof of this, there was a woman come here to me two or three days since, with the whole side of her head gashed to the skull. She said her master did it with the axe-handle. I at once sent to have him arrested, but luckily he came in before they could reach his house with the order. In reply to my question as to the cause of such treatment, he said the 'cuss had been saucy to his wife, and he couldn't stand that.'

"Further questions revealed the truth. The master had bidden her do one thing—the mistress called her to do another, and between the two the poor thing was driven too close. She made reply to her mistress, that 'she could not do two things at once,' for which she got knocked down and mutilated as described, with the axe-handle."

I shuddered. Colonel B——'s veracity was unquestionable. He continued—

"I have, furthermore, seen enough since I came into Tennessee, to convince me that what we have heard has been only too true. Out of fifty men and women, you will not be able to find one free from a scarred back. They are striped and calloused in ridges by the cruel whip. My God! It makes my flesh creep to see them!"

I looked up astonished. This man, to use such strong language, must indeed be deeply moved. In every sense, I looked upon him as a gentleman, and an earnestly practical Christian. He went on for some little time longer, detailing these facts, but was finally called away on business. When he had gone, his wife said, turning to me—

"You and Mrs. D—— must see Georgianna."

"Who is Georgianna?" asked Mrs. D——.

"A little darkey. Oh, dear," and she laughed a little. "It is too amusing, to listen to these queer little things—yet it is no laughing matter. An old lady came in from the country to-day, who claims to be strongly Union. She is loyal, too, I dare say. When she came up stairs, I was down in the kitchen, and Georgie came creeping in, her black eyes twinkling—

"'My granmodder's up stars,' she began, in her shy, cunning way, and then chuckled.

"'What! your grandmother? What do you mean? That is Mrs. Hays, I said, horror-struck at the child's audacity.

"'Well, ole Miss Hays my granmodder,' the black eyes still twinkling. I then left her and came up stairs to see the old lady, charging the cook to keep the child below. I was

fearful that something like this should escape the little rogue in her presence. My care, however, proved futile. Once when I was out, the young one slipped into the room and let the cat out of the bag. Of course poor Mrs. Hays was dumbfounded. She had never owned a slave herself, and that one should claim to be her granddaughter was too much for her equanimity. But I can give you no idea without an illustration. I will have her up here."

In a few moments "Georgie" was ushered in, with her fingers in her mouth.

"Come and talk to these ladies, Georgie," said Mrs. B——, kindly. "Tell them where your mother is."

The child looked up quickly, her young face dropping into immediate sadness.

"My mammy dead," with a long drawl.

"When did she die?"

"Las' week, my mammy die."

"What was the matter with her?"

"Ole Bill Steers whipped her to def."

"What for—why did he whip her?"

"I dunno."

Here the little bright eyes swam humbly, and a deep flush rose to the swarthy skin. We could see the blush by the darker hue of the face. Mrs. D—— took up the dropped catechism.

"Where is your master, Georgie?"

"He in de war."

"And your mistress? where is she?"

"She dead. She die wid a Bull Whip in her han'."

"Why, what is that? What was she doing with such a whip?"

"She was goin' to whip two darkey boys in de kitchen, an' fell right down wid de whip in her han'. Dey mose broke de han' to get it away from her."

"Horrors!" ejaculated the tender-hearted Mrs. D——, who was indignant as well as pitiful over this story, uttered with the uncalculating precision of childhood.

"Well, Georgie, what did the boys do when their mistress fell dead?"

"Dey got on de table an' begun to eat der breakfas'," and here the eyes twinkled again.

"Was your master there?"

"Yes, mom. He put up his hans an' cry jus so," imitating him. "But I darsent talk any more about my missus!" mysteriously.

"Why not?"

"She come back an' scratch my eyes right out."

"No, no, that is impossible. Dead people cannot come back again. You must not think such things as that," put in Mrs. B——.

I sighed, and asked in my turn—

"Georgie, can you tell me where people go when they die?"

"I dunno, Miss."

"Do you know anything about God?"

"No mom. Nebber hear anything about dat."

Poor child; ignorant, superstitious, and all alone in the wide world!

"Child, tell Mrs. D—— where your father is now," said Mrs. B——, willing to drive us away from sadder thoughts.

The old twinkle flashed back to the eyes, and she laughed bashfully—

"Ole Miss Hays' son my fader."

"Where is he?"

"In de war."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"No, mom."

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes, mom. My mammy use to take me on her lap and hole me. Dey aint anybody now."

The simple pathos of the little outcast's tones was more touching than we could bear. All questioning ceased, and she was sent below.

"I feel so badly to think of leaving her," said Mrs. B——. "She was brought in by some of the negroes a few days since, and I find her really bright and smart. If I was not going away, I think I could make something of her. But, as it is, I cannot take her with me, and we must leave in a few days."

"I want a smart little girl, and will take her home with me," replied Mrs. D——, whose benevolence is practical, but never noisy; and accordingly, when we started, "Georgie" was perched beside the driver on the front seat of the carriage.

She has been with us now three weeks, and has proved little trouble. When the band is playing before the door, her little impish face may be seen about among the evergreens. If I go below stairs, her eyes shine upon me from some nook or other. She seems everywhere, and yet not troublesome. In her neat shoes and frock, with chintz apron, she looks nicely enough, and when led, can sing like a bird—a peculiar power and sweetness in her voice. That she is capable of culture, no one who sees her can doubt for a moment. I can look forward to the future and fancy her

grown up, intelligent, good and useful. God,  
bless the high-minded, noble-souled little wo-  
man who has taken upon herself the task of  
making her such.

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## One Evening.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

The sunset clouds were drawn over the sky like soft rich folds of pink and white crape, and were stitched together with little threads of gold and silver. The summer air was heavy with the breath of rare and costly flowers, and through the grove of locust trees white and faint with their weight of delicate perfumes, could be seen the beautiful waters of the glorious Ohio.

I sat in the deep recess of a window, absorbed in the splendors of the evening; watching a steamer as she glided noisily along, tearing the calm river into wild waves that surged angrily against the shore, and conjecturing a thousand vague things concerning the lives of those on board of her. Mingling in melodiously with my thoughts, came the sweet voice of Helen Willet. The heavy drapery of the window half concealed me from those within the drawing-room, yet I could see Helen very

plainly, as she sat at the piano; her white hands fluttering over the keys, and her small form draped in some kind of thin gray dress, that became her wonderfully well.

I wish I could describe to you, just how beautiful she appeared to me. I thought then, and I think yet, that I never saw another face so fair and sweet; so filled with the light of a fresh and pure soul. Her eyes were dark gray, I believe; I am sure they were large, and that sometimes they seemed overflowing with love and happiness, and that again they seemed filled with the saddest, unshed tears. Her hair was between a light brown and golden shade—a soft luxurious mass always taken back plainly from her face; and her face—you should have seen it to understand all its varying loveliness. The purest, transparent complexion; lips curved and as red as coral; cheeks tinged with the faintest rose-color, and features that were models in their perfection.

The steamer passed on beyond my vision, and I turned to take a glance into the drawing-room. Near me, on a sofa, sat Sylvia Holmes and Maurice Dinsmore, and fluttering around—humming-bird fashion—I could see Nellie Ray, the sister of my affianced lover, Frank Ray. Out of the lively hum, two voices came to my retreat.

"Her playing has the sweetness of perfection and the purity and feeling of a beautiful soul running through it. I believe if I had heard her play without ever having seen her face, I should have known her, because there is the same delicacy, and sweetness, and melody in her face, that characterizes her music."

That was Maurice Dinsmore's voice, and as he spoke, his eyes lingered earnestly on Helen Willet. Sylvia Holmes replied, the low, richness of her voice reminding me of the stifling fragrance of hot-house exotics:

"Yes, she plays well. She ought to be proficient; she is a *music teacher*, you know."

All the lulling melody of her tones could not hide the sarcasm her words conveyed.

"And your *cousin*!" Nellie Ray broke in with her usual impulsiveness.

Sylvia colored deeply in spite of her studied self-command.

"True enough, Mr. Dinsmore, she is my cousin. She is a good girl, but"—she paused as if it pained her—"she has such a high temper no one can be at peace with her, and know her well. After her father died, pa offered her a home with us, and we all did all we could to make her happy, and to cause her to forget, if possible, the loss of her

wealth and her dependence on pa for support. You will scarcely believe it possible, when I tell you that for all this kindness, she exhibited nothing but bitterness and ingratitude. She has such a sweet face, and is so meek and quiet in her deportment, that one could not imagine her other than gentle and loving. Finally, in one of her fits of anger, she left the house (no one could ever tell why,) and has been teaching music ever since. We were all pained more than I can tell you, and did everything in our power to get her to return, but she was obstinate. It almost broke pa's heart, and I could do nothing but weep over a nature so fierce and unkind. There is so little resentment in my disposition, that I would freely forgive her even now, but she coldly repulses all advances to friendship. She seems to be intent upon the conquest of Frank Ray at present, but she will find he is too wary to be caught with a pretty face."

"Frank Ray offered his hand, heart, and fortune to Helen, a year ago, and was refused."

That was Nellie Ray's voice again. She had come over to the window where I sat, and like myself, had heard every word Sylvia uttered. I could scarcely keep her from expressing her indignation, and I felt my own cheeks hot and flaming.

Maurice turned to Nellie with a look of gratitude, but said nothing, and Sylvia continued the conversation.

"Perhaps he was. I have no doubt she had a larger fortune in view, or perhaps she was only indulging her natural propensity for flirting. But dear me! I should not talk so to you, Mr. Dinsmore. You really must forget all I have said. After all, she is a good girl, and you will find her a very pleasant and interesting companion. You must look out for your heart though, lest it meet with the fate of many others that have been laid at her feet. Poor thing! perhaps she would have been different, had her mother lived to train her."

Her voice fell heavier and sweeter around him, and as she lifted her eyes to his face, I could see something glittering in them like tears. I wondered, silently, how many times she had lifted them just so to the face of poor Arthur Irvin, whose heart she came very near breaking.

Mr. Dinsmore made no reply, but sat looking at Helen dreamily, almost tenderly. Some one came and insisted on Sylvia joining in a promenade on the balcony, and with illy concealed reluctance she complied, leaving Mr. Dinsmore alone on the sofa. Nellie Ray broke

away from me, and filled the vacant seat. She commenced abruptly—

"I thought I would just come and tell you the truth about Helen Willet, Mr. Dinsmore. When her father died, he left a large fortune in the hands of her uncle, Mr. Holmes, to be made over to Helen on her twenty-first birthday. I am not lawyer enough to tell you how he set about defrauding her of her property; but I know he *did* do it, so completely that she was left almost penniless when her twenty-first birthday arrived. As soon as he got possession of her wealth, her uncle treated her in a manner little short of cruelty, and Sylvia not only urged him on, but prompted by envy and hatred, did everything in her power to render Helen perfectly wretched.

"For a long time she bore their taunts and insults with forbearance and patience, but one morning after Sylvia had been unusually bitter and scornful to her, speaking not only with disrespect and contempt of Helen, but of her dead parents also, all the pride and indignation in Helen's nature rose up within her, and she replied in words as scathing and bitter as Sylvia's. She resolved to stay no longer in a house where her clothes and food even, were given unwillingly. She had been little less than a slave in her uncle's family, where she had been both governess and nurse to four rude, noisy children, and it seemed almost a relief to get away, where she could have at least a few hours of the day to herself.

"She experienced no difficulty in obtaining, as many pupils as she wished, and has been teaching music ever since. After she left, her uncle sent her *five dollars*, which she returned with a few dignified and lady-like words, and that is the 'handsome sum of money' Sylvia told you about. Brother Frank wished to make her his wife, as I told you awhile ago, but she told him frankly that she did not love him, and that she could never bestow her hand unless her heart went with it. (Since then he has met and loved another dear friend of mine, however, and they are soon to be married.) That is her history. I should not have troubled you with it, had I not feared you would cease to be a friend to her, and I tell you, Maurice Dinsmore, that there does not live a dearer and sweeter girl in our whole State, than Helen Willet."

I felt like going over to Nellie and kissing her, for her brave and generous defence of our mutual friend, and I believe Maurice felt like it too. I am certain he gave her hand a friendly pressure.

"What a good girl you are, Nellie. I shall always thank you for what you have told me. I could not believe what Miss Holmes said, yet this removes the painful impression her words left upon my mind. Nellie, I know that Helen is good and lovable, all you have said she is, and I am going to tell you a secret in return for your defence of her. I *love her*, and this night shall decide what my future life is to be."

Nellie clasped his hand joyously—

"I am so glad of it! I hope and believe she loves you. God speed you on your way to her heart."

Nellie drooped the soft fringes of her eyes, to conceal the glad tears welling up in them. Maurice left her then, and she came to me, and we rejoiced together over what we had scarcely dared hope for. I did not feel jealous of Helen, because Frank had once loved her. I knew his heart had become all my own since that time, and I loved her too well to allow any bitter thoughts of her to dwell in my soul.

Presently Sylvia swept in, leaning on the arm of a wealthy fop, who was entertaining her with a brilliant conversation on the size, shape and whiteness of aristocratic hands, displaying as he did so, his taper fingers with their costly rings. She looked annoyed and wearied, and I saw her face turn a shade whiter, as she glanced over at the piano, where Maurice was selecting some music for Helen; talking all the while in low, soft tones.

I knew that Sylvia Holmes loved Mr. Dinsmore with all the fierce passion of her soul, and that the dearest hope of her life was to win his love in return. All the anguish and hatred in her heart surged up in her face, tearing up its calm, as the steamer had torn the river. She was so wicked and selfish; so unmindful of the misery of others, that I did not pity her as I should have pitied any one else; yet a feeling almost akin to that swept over me, as I watched her.

After awhile the moon rose, and I came from my quiet retreat to walk with Frank in the garden. When we grew tired, we returned to the balcony, and sat down on the broad steps. We had not been there long, before I heard Maurice's voice in the hall.

"Are you going so soon, Miss Helen? It is quite early, and the place will lose its chief attraction to me, when I see you no longer."

"Yes, I must go. Miss Ray will excuse my early departure, as she knows the many duties I have to attend to. I have a great many pupils, and cannot afford to spend the mornings in sleep."

She said this cheerfully, without the least show of mortification that he should know her occupation.

"Could you take one more pupil, Helen?"

"I do not believe I could; my time is so fully occupied, I could not do justice to another. Do you wish to take lessons, Mr. Dinsmore?"

Her voice expressed surprise.

"Yes, if you will teach me, Helen. But the lesson I wish you to give me, will last a lifetime. I want you to teach me to be good, and pure, and happy. Helen, I love you—will you marry me?"

I could not hear her answer it was so low, but a few minutes afterwards, they came down the steps, and I could see by the proud fondness in his face, that her words had been sweet and grateful to his soul. He came up to us and said—

"I have just found the one bright jewel that shall forever shed its lustre on my life. Helen has promised to be my wife."

We shook hands with them both, rejoiced to see them so happy. They bade us good night then, and I ran into the drawing-room to get a bouquet I had left in the window. Drawing back the curtain suddenly, I stumbled over some object, and looked down to behold Sylvia Holmes crouched by the window, her face marble in its whiteness, and her eyes burning and tearless. She sprang up almost fiercely—

"Go! I hate you—I hate every one, but most of all, I hate the pretty doll-face that has robbed me of *his* love."

Her voice was hoarse with passion, and I shrank back, dropping the curtain and leaving her alone in her agony. As I rejoined Frank, I thought of Helen, happy and smiling, and then again of Sylvia, and I said to myself, how surely the virtues of the good will be rewarded, and the evil deeds of the wicked come down at last upon their own heads.

## Sad Eyes.

The face was fair; the lips soft and ruby; the cheeks warm with summer flushes; but the large, brown eyes were sad. It was not a painful, but a tender sadness, that lay like a thin veil over their brightness. You hardly noticed it at first; but the shadow in Mrs. Percival's eyes grew more and more apparent the oftener you looked into them. They were full of light when she spoke—dancing, rippling light; but this faded out with a quickness that half surprised you, making the shadow which came after it the more noticeable.

"What can it mean?" said one friend to another. They were speaking of Mrs. Percival, and her sad eyes. Is that peculiar look hereditary—a mere transmitted impression of the soul upon the body—or is it the sign of an inward state? Do you know anything of her early history?"

"Something."

"Is she happy in her marriage?"

"I am afraid not."

"Then it must be her own fault," was answered.

"Perhaps it is."

"Every one speaks well of Mr. Percival. I have seen a great deal of him, and hold him in very high regard."

"In no higher regard than he is held by his wife, who knows, better than any one else can know, his worth as a man."

"And yet you said just now that you did not think her married life a happy one."

"There is a shadow upon it. As the wife of Mr. Percival she is not, I fear, in her true place."

"Are you serious in this?"

"Entirely so."

"While to me it seems that she is just in her true place. Both are well educated, social and attractive; and both seem governed by high moral principles; and both have noble aims in life. Their deportment towards each other, so far as I have noticed it, is uniformly kind; and I have observed the reciprocation of little attentions while in company, not usual among married partners. They are superior to most of those around us, and, as I read them, eminently fitted for each other."

To this it was replied:

"The very elevation of character to which you refer, makes this reunion the more inharmonious—the lack of fitness the more fatally apparent. Lower natures may feed on husks;

but these cannot. May be satisfied with a compact that secures external good; but these must have interior likeness."

"Which does not, as you believe, exist in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Percival."

"I am very sure it does not. Hence the sad eyes that look out into the world so hopelessly."

This was said of Mr. and Mrs. Percival. Let us go back a few years, and come near them in the time when this union was formed. There had been too great ardor of pursuit on the side of Mr. Percival. The beautiful girl who flashed across his way in life so dazzled him by her mental and personal charms, that he resolved to secure her hand, no matter what difficulties might intervene. And he soon found an obstruction in the way. An artist named Liston, a young man of genius, but modest and shrinking, as such men usually are, had already been attracted by this lovely girl, and she was meeting his slow and timid approaches with such tender invitations as maiden delicacy would permit. The more she saw of him, the more he charmed her. He was so different from other young men, into whose society she was thrown—so unworldly; so single of heart; so noble in all the aspirations to which he gave utterance. In her eyes, he seemed to stand apart from the world; to be of another quality—more refined, more intellectual, purer. She loved him, so far as she dared give liberty to her feelings, seeing that he held himself at a farther distance from her than some ventured to approach. In him, the faint ideal of her soul's companion stood forth embodied. When he drew near, she moved instinctively to meet him, the pulses of her interior life beating quicker and stronger. When he stood afar off, it seemed as if a thin veil of shadow had fallen around her.

The quick eyes of Henry Percival soon discovered the truth. He saw that the maiden was deeply interested in the young artist, and also that Liston worshipped her at a distance, fearing to approach, lest the beautiful star in whose light his soul found light should veil itself as a rebuke to his advances. And seeing this, he resolved to press in boldly; to win the maiden for himself; to carry off the prize another was reaching out to grasp. Percival had been more in the world than Liston; possessed a more cultivated exterior; understood men and things better; was more self-confident. Whatever he undertook to do, he strained every nerve to accomplish. Difficulties only stimulated new effort. From a boy,

up he had moved steadily to the accomplishment of his ends, with a vigor and persistence that usually brought success.

"She shall be mine!" So he declared, in his heart, though he fully understood the relation which Liston and the maiden bore to each other. So resolved, when he knew that love had grown up between them, and that she was to the young artist as the very apple of his eye.

It happened in this case as it happens in many others. As the bold lover advanced, the less confident one retired. Percival drew very near, draping himself in sunshine, while Liston stood afar off, in shadow, looking from his dim obscurity with sad eyes upon the only being he had met who embodied his ideal of a woman. If he had drawn near—if he had given the maiden clearly intelligible signs of what was in his heart, Percival would have sought her hand in vain. But she seemed in his eyes so pure and noble, so elevated above common mortals, and himself of such little worth, that he dared not approach and enter the lists as an openly declared suitor. The ardor of Percival had no abatement. He pressed his case with an impetuosity that bore down all obstructions, almost extorting from the doubting and bewildered girl a promise to become his wife. If Liston had not shown apparent indifference—had not held himself aloof—this promise, repented of almost as soon as made, would never have been given. Had she known that her image was in his heart, treasured and precious, Percival's suit would have been idle. But she did not know, and in her blindness she went astray, losing herself in a labyrinth from which she never escaped.

The effect on Liston, when it was known that Percival and the maiden he so worshipped was engaged, was very sad. He lost for a time all heart in his work—all interest in life. An intimate friend, who knew of his attachment, and understood the meaning of his altered state, divulged the secret, and so it became public property, finding its way to the maiden's ears.

"Did you know," said a gay friend, "that you are charged with a serious crime?"

"I have not heard of the accusation. What is the crime?" she answered, smiling.

"The crime of breaking a heart."

"Ah! Whose heart? There was a change in the expression of her face; the smile dying out.

"Liston's."

"Why do you say that?" she asked, catch-

ing her breath, and showing pallor of countenance.

"Oh, haven't you heard anything about it? Why it's the talk all around. He was dead in love with you, it seems, but hadn't the courage to say so; proving the truth of the old adage, that 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' And now he's moping about, and looking so woe-begone, that everybody is pitying him."

"I'm sorry that he should have pain on my account," was answered, with as much indifference as could be assumed. "Not a very serious case, I imagine."

"Oh, but it is; he fairly worshipped you," replied the friend. "Do you know that an asylum is talked of?"

"Don't, don't say anything more, if you please! It's all gossip and exaggeration, of course; but still of a kind I must not hear. You forget that I am to be married in a few weeks."

The laughing light went out of the gay friend's countenance; for she saw more than she expected to see.

A few weeks passed, and the wedding night arrived, when the pale-faced maiden, true to her promise, but false to her heart, took up the burden of wifehood, staggering under the weight as it came down upon her stooping shoulders. The young husband, when he kissed her almost colorless lips, and gazing into her pure face, said, "Mine!" looked into sad eyes, and felt that his ardent word but half expressed the truth—that she was not, and never could be, all his own. He too had heard of Liston's attachment, and of the effect produced on him when the fact of the engagement became public, and something more than a feeling of triumph found its way into his heart. There was at first a vague sense of uneasiness, followed by doubts and questionings. Smarting suspicion crept in. He became keen-eyed. But all he discovered was a dim veil dropping down over the countenance of his betrothed, and diminishing the splendors of its sunshine. In his eagerness to grasp the angel whose beauty had fascinated his gaze, he had rubbed a portion of lustre from her wings.

But she had taken her place by his side, and no allurements could have drawn her thence, though she walked in perpetual shadow, and though sharp stones cut her feet at every step. She was too strong in purity and truth to waver from the line of duty. The path might be difficult, but she would not turn aside, even though she failed. She had the courage to die, but not to waver.

"Mine!" said Percival, when his hot kisses were laid on the almost irresponsible lips of his bride, and even as he said it, away down in his innermost convictions, another voice answered—"Not mine!"

So their wedded life began. It took nearly a year for Liston, the artist, to recover from his disappointment. A few times during this period he met Mrs. Percival, and read in her inward-looking eyes that she was not a happy wife; and more than this he read, penetrating by quick-sighted perception the veil in which she had enveloped herself. After this period, he was master of his soul again, and dwelt in his art. But all who met him noticed, and many spoke of, a subdued sadness in his eyes. Years passed, and though he went into society, Mr. Liston did not marry. As an artist he rose steadily, and some of his works attracted much attention. Among them was a personification of "Hope," in the single figure of a woman exquisitely beautiful, yet showing in every feature of the tenderly pure face, trial and triumph.

"Have you seen Mr. Liston's 'Hope,' at the Academy?" asked a friend, addressing Mrs. Percival, a few days after the painting had been placed on exhibition.

"Not yet," was answered.

"You must see it. Every one is charmed. And, do you know, it bears a remarkable likeness to yourself; I've heard several persons speak of this. By the way, is it a compliment or an accident? It is said that he is one of your old admirers."

The friend laughed, and in laughing, so dimmed her own vision, that she did not see the strange, startled look, which came, for an unguarded moment, into Mrs. Percival's eyes.

In company with her husband, Mrs. Percival went to see the "Hope" of Mr. Liston. Something in the ideal figure held her as by fascination. Mr. Percival recognized the likeness, and with a sense of weariness. Many times from the painting his eyes turned to the countenance of his wife. Its expression was not satisfactory. There was more in it than admiration for a fine picture. From the painting, he saw her once turn half around, suddenly, as if spoken to; but no voice had reached his ear. He turned also, in the same direction, and looked into the artist's face; but did not encounter his eyes, for they were resting on his wife. The act of Mrs. Percival was but momentary. She turned again to the picture, at the same time placing her hand on

the arm of her husband, and, by a movement, intimating her wish to leave that part of the gallery. Mr. Percival did not fail to observe that his wife's interest in the Exhibition was from this time partial and forced.

"Are you not well?" he asked, in his usual kind, but half-constrained manner.

"My head is aching," she answered, forcing a smile.

"Shall we go home?"

"If you have staid long enough," was replied.

And so they went away, not again venturing to look at Mr. Liston's "Hope," and not again visiting the Academy while it was there.

The eyes of Mrs. Percival were just a little sadder after this, and so were the artist's eyes; and the heart of Mr. Percival was just a little heavier. But all three were pure enough, true enough, and strong enough to bear the burdens this great error had laid upon them, though in bearing there was pain that made life wearisome.

Alas for these sad eyes! See well to it, maiden, that in accepting some boldly wooing lover, you do not, like Mrs. Percival, commit one of life's saddest errors, and so look out with dreary eyes upon the world through all your coming years.

And see to it, over ardent young man, that in the eagerness of pursuit you do not make captive one who can never be wholly your own. See to it that you do not rob another of the good designed for him, and at the same time rob yourself of the highest blessing in life. The soul-lit eyes that so charm to-day, may haunt you with accusation through all the coming years; the face so bright and beautiful, wear a perpetual veil of shadows. In the name of all that the heart holds sacred, beware of an error here!

T. S. A.

## Self-Abnegation.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

### CHAPTER I.

Snow had been falling since early in the morning, and now, when the day was drawing to a close, there was not a single rift in the dull, brooding clouds to give promise of a fair evening. The wind continued to come from the northeast in heavy gusts, piling the snow into huge drifts against the buildings and fences, and whirling and driving it in fierce eddies through the air.

"There will be no skating this evening," said Charles Richton, a boy of fourteen, in a voice which indicated considerable annoyance, as he and John, his younger brother, stood at a window watching the bleak and dreary prospect without.

"Nor for a whole month to come," said John, "for the pond will be all covered up with snow. It's too bad."

"Did you never realize," said their mother, "that being certain the inclemency of the weather is such as to preclude all possibility of out-door enjoyments, gives a zest and flavor to our quiet home-pleasures?"

"That is one of the laws of compensation," remarked Judge Danby, her brother, looking up from his newspaper, "which Charles and John, with their keen relish for such sports as can be had only in the open air, can hardly appreciate."

"And I don't want to appreciate it," said John, in an undertone. And his full, red lips closed together with an expression that was almost sullen.

The judge did not notice the remark, nor the look, otherwise than by an amused smile.

And now, while the light of that smile illumines his countenance, we will say that Judge Danby, still a bachelor, and still comparatively young, for he was not more than thirty-four, was a fine-looking man—one of whom it would be known almost intuitively, by a kind of graciousness in his looks, that his

praise would be hearty and sincere, and even his censure kind. More than this—he was one in whom a clear, commanding intellect was so well tempered and balanced by his excellent moral qualities as to win the respect, as well as the confidence and love, of all who knew him. He was, moreover, admirably qualified for the responsible situation in which he was placed, being, in truth, what by a philosopher of the olden time was termed "A living equity."

In a few minutes tea was brought in.

"This, Mary," said he, looking at his sister, "is one of our home enjoyments, which to me is always heightened by a stormy evening," and in those deep, mellow chest-tones, which fall so soothingly upon the ear, he repeated the subjoined lines from Cowper's *Task*—

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

And they did welcome it in, in a way which flooded the faces of the boys with sunshine, and made them forget all about the snow-covered ice and their skates; for their uncle, who had an infinite fund of that genial humor and pleasant anecdote so fascinating to the young, on the present occasion brought them into play with such happy effect, Charles and John both agreed that he was worthy to be crowned "Prince of good-fellows."

The home-circle had, for a few days past, been brightened by a face which, if not regularly beautiful, was very lovely. Beatrice Harleigh, the daughter of parents who had been among the early and dear friends of Mrs. Richton, was with them.

Although, as intimated, Beatrice was not, strictly speaking, beautiful, there were times when she was peculiarly so. It was when her features, most of all her eyes, of a rich, clear brown, were made luminous by her own happy thoughts. She and Mrs. Richton had not met till now for more than a year—a year which had taken the roses from Beatrice's cheeks, and traced lines of care and sorrow which ought not to have been on so young a face.

Mrs. Richton watched this evening for one of those rare and beautiful smiles she used to love so much. And Beatrice did smile more than once; but it was not the old smile. It was less sunny, less sparkling, and did not take the grieved look, which Judge Danby as well as his sister had noticed, from her sweet, pensive face. Her eyes, too, looked larger

than formerly, her cheeks thinner and less fairly rounded.

They knew previous to her arrival, by the letters she had sent Mrs. Richton, that the last spring violets had shed their sweetness on her only sister's grave, who slept peacefully by her father's side, and that when the June roses were in bloom her mother had joined them. Only she and her brother Philip, about fifteen years old, were left. They had been a happy family—rich in one another's love, though poor in this world's goods.

Philip was at school preparing for college, and now the question which Beatrice wished to decide was, could she obtain the means to enable him to prosecute his studies? As yet she had not named the subject nearest her heart, except that she had once inadvertently dropped a few words, which made Mrs. Richton suspect that her pecuniary resources were even more limited than she had imagined.

After ten, Beatrice for a long time sat silent and thoughtful. Finally, when Judge Danby, who, after so freely entering into the spirit of conviviality with the boys to make them forget their disappointment, had resumed his newspaper, laid it aside, she looked up and seemed about to speak to him. She, however, altered her mind, or her courage failed her. He noticed the look with which she regarded him, and, having waited a few moments, said, with a smile—

"Well, Miss Harleigh, what is it?"

"I thought I had something I wished to say to you," she replied, with some embarrassment, "but I believe—that is, some other time will do as well."

"In most cases there is no time like the present."

There was not much in the words, but his manner of saying them was so cheery, so full of heart, as to make her feel hopeful and self-reliant. Her countenance brightened as he spoke.

"I think I heard you remark to some one since I came here," said she, "that you have some papers you wish to have copied."

"You did," he replied; and he regarded her with a questioning look.

"Are you willing that I should copy them for you?"

"Yes, I am willing—or rather, I should be if your looks didn't show that you need exercise, instead of bending over a writing-desk day after day."

"O, that is nothing; I tried hard before I came here to obtain a situation as a school-

teacher, but the supply was so much greater than the demand that I was unsuccessful."

"Perhaps you don't know," said Mrs. Richton, "that Beatrice's brother can't be kept at school unless she has a way to earn something to pay his board."

"No, I wasn't aware of it."

He was about to add that she need not fear but that she would find plenty of friends who would be proud and happy to relieve her from the necessity of paying it, but there was something in the appearance of the slight, fragile girl before him which made him feel that she preferred to depend on herself, so he merely asked her instead when she would wish to begin.

"To-morrow morning," she answered, "if the papers are ready."

"They are all ready, and would ere now have been placed in the hands of the copyist I usually employ, had not other business demanded his attention. They shall be brought here in the morning directly after breakfast, so that you can write in your own room at such times as may best suit you."

"Thank you—you are very kind," was her answer.

This arrangement seemed to infuse new life into Beatrice. It had indeed removed a heavy weight of care from her mind, for it would for the present afford the means to keep her brother at school, and he was so earnest to pursue his studies that it seemed to her cruel to suffer him to be bound as an apprentice to a tailor's trade, as some of her well-meaning neighbors had advised.

"It would be," she said, "like sealing the fountain just as the lips of the thirsty traveller touched the cooling waters. And then to think of his fine, intellectual-looking head—the broad, white forehead, clustered round with Hyperion curls, being bent over his plodding task till all the spirit, all the joy of his young existence, was crushed out of him. I couldn't bear it, Mrs. Richton;" and her lips quivered, and her voice broke into sobs.

"Not that I think," she went on to say, after she had succeeded in suppressing her emotion, "that manual labor would degrade him. It degrades no one. But Philip has from early childhood been a delicate boy, and he isn't strong enough to gain a livelihood by hand-labor. The time may come when he will be; now he would break down in the attempt."

"And what do you think of yourself?" said Mrs. Richton. "Do you think, as my brother

said, that you can sit all day bent over a writing-desk without danger to your health?"

"I shall carry heart and will into the work; and by doing that I shall be made strong—shall be sustained when I otherwise should fail. I don't think I could work hard solely for myself without a sinking of the spirits, but I can for him."

And what she said was made good by the result. Instead of faltering and pining over her daily task, her spirits rose. The mental impulse, by the sympathy naturally existing between body and mind, had the effect to infuse health and an increased amount of vitality throughout her whole system. Her step grew more elastic; her eyes were filled with a sunny light, ready at any moment to break into joyous sparkles, and the bloom on her cheeks began to revive.

When, on the evening of the fifth day after she commenced her task, Beatrice put that portion of the papers she had copied into Judge Danby's hand, he glanced at them and then said—

"It ought to have taken you twice as long to write what is here in such a fair, legible hand."

As he spoke, his eyes sought her face with a look keen and searching.

"Do I look as if I had worked too hard?" she asked, her color heightening a little at his scrutiny.

"I can't say that you do; yet I must take it upon me to restrict you a little. You must have exercise, an hour or two every day, in the fresh air."

"That is what I think," said Mrs. Richton. "Her anxiety to perform her task acceptably excites her a little now, and when the excitement wears off I'm afraid she will droop."

"O no I sha'n't; I never felt better in my life than I do now."

"We will try and keep you well, then," said the judge.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Didn't I hear you say that Geoffrey Inglis has returned?" inquired Mrs. Richton of her brother.

"Yes. He has been absent three years—most of the time in Europe. He told me that he thought he should call this evening."

In a few minutes Mr. Inglis arrived. He was six years younger than Judge Danby, and was what most people would call a very handsome man. He was above the middling height, his figure slight and symmetrical. His com-

plexion was dark and clear, his eyes intensely black, while his slightly curling hair, dark as his eyes, was so arranged as to give greater apparent breadth to his forehead than it really possessed. His mouth, the feature which is thought to govern the expression of the whole face, was faultless. So it at least appeared when his countenance was in perfect repose; but more than once during the evening there was a peculiar curl of the upper lip, at once denoting disdain and irascibility. This, with a restlessness of the bright eyes, had the effect to give an entirely different character to his whole countenance. Beauty was changed to positive ugliness.

"Hyperion to a Satyr," came near escaping Mrs. Richton's lips, as turning from her brother, whose nobility of mind was so plainly written on his brow, to listen to some remarks by Inglis, she encountered one of those disdainful sneers.

The remarks alluded to, made in a sharp-toned but well modulated voice, were full of the subtleties of sophistry, and revealed a mind sceptical and perverted. They made Mrs. Richton think of some lines she had been reading—

"O what is intellect?—a strange, strange web—  
How bright the embroidery, but how dark the woof."

As for Beatrice, it would have been impossible for her to define the sentiments with which he inspired her. Her mind was acted upon in a manner incomprehensible to herself. He at the same time fascinated and repelled her. When he was gone, she was fully conscious of one thing, and that was a feeling of relief. The very atmosphere of the room seemed to be changed. The air, which in her excited and inexplicable state of mind appeared so suffocating as to make her almost imagine that it was laden with noisome odors, became pure and serene. A delicious repose of mind, a sense of content, and a safety such as she used to experience when she was one of the treasured links of an unbroken home-circle, stole over her, and pervaded her whole being.

"What do you think of Mr. Inglis?" inquired Mrs. Richton of her brother.

"That he has skill and cunning, but less power and depth than he thinks he has. He is much changed from what he was, when three years ago he left here for Europe. I am sorry for him."

"So am I," was Mrs. Richton's answer.

"To-morrow," said Judge Danby, turning to Beatrice, "I have business to attend to eight or ten miles from here. The weather

promises to be fine, the sleighing is excellent, and if you can be ready an hour after breakfast I will call round for you."

Beatrice in her own mind had determined to do a good day's work at copying on the morrow, but she saw that Judge Danby was not prepared to accept an excuse, so she told him that she would be ready.

"I will be the more diligent the day after," was the thought that passed through her mind.

She had, as she found, reckoned without her host. By some means, Judge Danby's business was such as to call him from home every day, and each time she must go with him.

This, and other unexpected occurrences, so broke up her time that she made slow progress in her task. At last she ventured to suggest that she was afraid he would need the papers before she could finish them.

"We shan't have this charming weather long," he replied, "and when it is rough and stormy you can write to your heart's content. After all, though you boasted a little of the good effects your close employment had on your health—and, what to me was mysterious, it *did* seem to be improving—I can see now that though the roses in your cheeks were bright enough, they lacked the genuine freshness of health which they now have."

Contrary to Judge Danby's prediction, the pleasant weather *did* continue day after day. Geoffrey Inglis had not failed to drop in, either morning or evening, during every one of them. Though impracticable, on every occasion Beatrice, whenever she could, avoided his presence. He saw this, and it caused him much ill-feeling, though he had the art to conceal his irritation.

### CHAPTER III.

"Good evening, John; is your uncle at home?"

"No, he is not. He and mother are both absent, and so, I believe, is Beatrice; but I think they will be here soon. Will you please wait till they return?"

"Thank you," was the response.

Beatrice was not absent, as John Richton supposed her to be. She had, a few minutes previously, stepped into a small apartment communicating with the parlor, the door of which was slightly ajar, and she knew by his voice that it was Inglis who had inquired for Judge Danby. She knew, too, that he had brought some one with him, for there was another voice which she had never before

heard. After handing them chairs, John Richton left the room, and Beatrice was about to re-enter the parlor, when she was prevented by what she heard said.

"You are here so much, Inglis," said the voice she did not recognize, "that you of course know who that very pretty girl is who has been here the last two or three weeks."

"Certainly I do. Her name is Beatrice Harleigh. She has neither father nor mother, nor any other relation, as I can find out, nearer than a second cousin, except one brother. This I have ascertained by questioning, in a seemingly careless way, the boy we found here when we arrived. He moreover gave me to understand that she is actually performing the drudgery of a copyist for Judge Danby, to obtain the necessary funds to keep this cherished brother, who is several years younger than herself, at school."

Beatrice having heard thus much, recoiled from breaking in upon their confidential colloquy, and as the door between the two rooms was the only place of egress, she had no alternative but to remain where she was.

"It is too bad for so lovely a girl to wear her life out in that way," was said in answer to the information given by Inglis.

"It is shameful," said Inglis, "and I'm astonished that the Judge, with more wealth in his possession than he knows what to do with, should suffer it. And he wouldn't suffer it if a nickel cent didn't look more valuable in his eye than a gold eagle would in yours or mine."

"I shouldn't wonder if there were two sides to that question. If he were willing to give, she might be unwilling to accept. For all those pensive lips, and those long, drooping eyelashes, I remarked something in her air which said, as plainly as words, that she would scorn to be dependent on others, if, by any exertion of her own, she could avoid it. Take my word for it, Inglis, she has a quick and delicate appreciation of what is right, and a ready and just estimation of whatever might be cavilled at, and will prove herself to possess the firmness to pursue the right, and avoid even the appearance of evil."

"O, I've already found out that she has a will of her own, and that without any necromantic skill. She's moreover not a little puritanical in her notions—principles, I suppose, she calls them—but they're not based on so firm a foundation as she imagines. I have weapons at my command, and I know how to

wield them too, by which I can readily sap them, if I choose."

"You are mistaken, Inglis—at least I think you are. If Beatrice Harleigh is what I believe she is, from what little you have said of her, 'her mind her kingdom is,' as some one quaintly expresses it, and her principles, inculcated, no doubt, by loving and virtuous parents, will prove to her a tower of strength, to guard the approaches to this kingdom, by a crafty and insidious enemy."

"On my word, Belmont, you are really Quixotic in the little lady's cause. I hope you don't think of proposing to her."

"No; I can say, in all sincerity, that I have no such thought, while, with equal sincerity, I reciprocate the hope you express concerning me."

"I don't know why you should, as far as she is concerned. She is poor, I am rich. She is a nobody, and I—thanks to the omnipotence of wealth—hold a high position in society, and there's no need of my mentioning what you already know, that though the wife, however high her rank before marriage, always sinks to the level of the husband's; so, on the other hand, the man of exalted position, if he marry beneath him, instead of descending to the humble condition of his wife, raises her to his. But why waste words? As long as I can, for the asking, have one of the highest ladies of the land, I shall never marry a penniless girl, were she as good as an angel, and as beautiful as an houri. Yet that is no reason why I shouldn't do my best to make myself agreeable to her; and if she be so foolish as to indulge the absurd idea that my attentions are meant for anything more serious than to gild the pleasures of the passing hour, the very unreasonableness of the expectation will show the reasonableness of the punishment incurred."

"Inglis, you are a"—Belmont suppressed the disparaging word, which was at his tongue's end.

"A what?" demanded Inglis, angrily.

"No matter—the truth isn't to be spoken at all times."

"I insist on your finishing your half uttered sentence."

Happily, at this moment, the entrance of Judge Danby and his sister diverted the thoughts of Inglis into a different channel.

"Mr. Belmont and I," said he, "have been waiting for you this half hour. But where is Miss Harleigh? I supposed she was with you."

"You haven't seen her, then, since you came?"

"No."

"She is probably in her own room," said Mrs. Richton. "I invited her to go with us, but she said she had writing to do this evening."

Half an hour later, when Inglis and Belmont were gone, and the parlor was left vacant a few moments, Beatrice slipped from the little room where she had been temporarily imprisoned, and sought her own chamber. She was pale and agitated, but she had never had a clearer, fuller sense of the Higher, Superintending Power, and the fatherly care of Him, without whose leave not a sparrow falls to the ground. At the same time she felt deeply humiliated, for she knew she had trusted too much in her own strength. She was conscious that the feeling of repulsion, at first produced by the presence of Inglis, had gradually become weaker. She could even recall times when she had experienced a certain degree of pleasure, if not pride, in tracing him through the misty and intricate mazes of what he called reasoning, to some point whence would radiate a partial ray, whose bewildering light made her forget that all around was veiled in obscurity.

She knew that her being where she could overhear the conversation between Inglis and Belmont, would by many be termed chance. She recognized it as a Providence. And now, in the stillness of night, she poured forth her silent, but fervent thanks for what had been to her a timely warning. Her agitation was succeeded by a sweet peace. She could cast her care upon Him, her heavenly Father, for she had the witness in herself that He cared for her.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"I wonder that Beatrice wasn't down this evening, just to pass a half hour with us," said Mrs. Richton, when she and her brother had returned to the parlor.

"I am glad she didn't come," was Judge Danby's answer.

"You think that the conversation of Inglis is not what a young girl like Beatrice should listen to?"

"I do."

"It has in it much that is attractive to a mind like hers."

"Yes, particularly the power of ratiocination, which he certainly possesses in no inconsiderable degree. This brings her own mind into play, and to that of itself, I don't object. The peril lies in the skill and cunning with which he contrives to gloss over, and give a

false coloring to his illogical deductions and dangerous conclusions; a process so adroitly concealed that the insidious poison may be administered without exciting alarm."

"I trust, brother, that your apprehensions are groundless. There is a blessing pronounced on the pure in heart, and Beatrice, I believe, has a heart as pure as is permitted to humanity. The influences of a good moral and religious education, such as she has been blessed with, are not easily overcome. The proximity of even the deadly nightshade would not sully the purity of the lily, nor taint its fragrance by its noxious odor. Beatrice is a Christian."

Judge Danby remained silent several minutes. He then looked up and spoke rather abruptly.

"Mary," said he, "you know all about my early disappointment. You remember Darvell, who under an exterior, such as imagination might invest an angel of light, concealed the heart of a Mephistophiles. When he and Elsie Fales first met, she was as good and as innocent as Beatrice is now. He enticed her from me; she broke her troth-plight. You know the rest—a mock marriage—a broken heart—an early grave. I didn't then think that I could ever love another. I was mistaken—I love Beatrice."

"I suspected as much."

"I couldn't tell, for the life of me, how it came about. I thought that I had succeeded in bringing the emotional part of my nature under pretty good control. The love stole on me unawares."

Mrs. Richton smiled, and repeated the lines:

"All fair things have soft approaches,  
Quiet steps are still the sure."

"Well, Charles, I am glad your heart is so worthily bestowed."

"You think there is some hope for me, or you wouldn't speak thus."

"I certainly shouldn't. The truth is, Beatrice loves you already, although she hasn't the least suspicion of it. It might, indeed, be difficult at present, to make her believe that she regards you with any warmer sentiment than friendship. My advice is, that you seek an early opportunity to let her know your love for her. You will find that I'm not mistaken in thinking her heart is already yours."

"But Inglis—should he prove to be a second Darvell?"

"He never will, in this case. The acceptance of your love will, to Beatrice, involve a promise too sacred to be broken."

"Wouldn't you have been willing to say the same of Elsie?"

"No, Charles, I never saw the time that I would. Elsie's life had been like the butterfly's, that basks in the sunshine and sports among flowers. She had never been tried by adversity—that refiner's fire, which separates the dross from the gold. She was amiable, but her character lacked force and persistency. Like the chameleon, that assumes the hue of whatever it comes in contact with, her mind, for the time being, took its tone and coloring from that of any individual into whose society she might happen to be thrown, who understood the courtesies of social life, and who thought it worth while to try to influence her. She was, moreover, less conscientious than Beatrice. She didn't stop to ask herself if the breaking of her promise to you wasn't a deviation from duty. To Beatrice, 'Duty is the watchword of Christianity.' I will not say, that had Elsie been called to endure persecution as a consequence of performing her duty, she might not have stood firm; but the wiles of the smiling tempter, who came to her in the guise of an angel, she was unable to resist. Elsie's trust was in her own strength. Beatrice's is in Him who is able to keep her from falling, and therein lies her security."

#### CHAPTER V.

The next time that Inglis called, Judge Danby, Mrs. Richton, and Beatrice were all present. Inglis was in high spirits, and felt determined to lose no time in introducing a conversation which would show to advantage the skill he had boasted of to Belmont. He was delayed a little by the arrival of Belmont, whose wish for an introduction to Beatrice had induced him to respond thus early to an invitation by Mrs. Richton to repeat his call.

"I'm glad you've come," Inglis found opportunity to say to him aside, "for, as I am prepared to try my skill with those weapons I spoke to you about, I wish you, after the rather pointed remarks you made last evening, to witness my triumph."

"You should qualify your announcement by an if," was Belmont's answer.

"Much obliged to you, but ifs are a commodity I don't deal in on such occasions."

Inglis, as soon as a convenient opportunity presented itself, lost no time in entering upon the subject, which in his own mind, he had chosen as the theme for the evening's conversation. He began very calmly and deliberately using choice language. But he was not

long in finding, that by some means he had lost the power to hold the mind of Beatrice in control. His specious fallacies fell coldly on her ear. She even turned from him, more than once, with apparent aversion. At last, when changing his plausible and deferential manner to one more abrupt and energetic, he urged her to answer some insidious question, and show wherein she differed from him, her feelings being wrought up by memory of what she had listened to the preceding evening, she burst into tears.

Up to this moment, Judge Danby had sat silent, and to all appearance, unimpassioned, save that, now and then, an indignant expression, so transitory as to be hardly perceptible, was manifested by a slight movement of his lips. But now, involuntarily rising from his chair, and fixing on Inglis his dark eyes, which scintillated like stars, in a voice full of indignation and bitter scorn, he uttered a few words of cutting and withering rebuke.

At first, Inglis covered beneath the severity of the just reproof, but his audacity soon got the better of his shame.

"It may not be amiss," said he, assuming a tone of irony, "to remind Judge Danby, who seems, just now, to be more remarkable for his pugnacity than propriety, that he is not on the bench with a culprit before him, but in Mrs. Richton's parlor, sacred, as might reasonably be supposed, to the laws of hospitality and social refinement, and where his official dignity and thirst for power should be merged in the urbanity of the gentleman. I am sorry to find that I was mistaken. Ladies, I have the honor to bid you good evening," and without saying another word, he left the house.

A few days subsequent to the foregoing incidents, Judge Danby said to his sister,

"You didn't err in your opinion, Mary. Beatrice has consented to give me a right to protect her, and I am, at least, old enough for the purpose," he added with a smile.

"The disparity in your ages isn't so very great—only twelve years—and what is that, as long as she prefers you to all others?"

"I've no reason to doubt that she does, and in the assurance I am happier than I've been for years. At the time of my betrothal with Elsie, my state of feeling was entirely different from what it is now. In a particular manner, I experienced none of that fulness of content I now do. Even at the moment, when with her hand clasped in mine, and her eyes raised to heaven, as if she wished what she

was about to say might be recorded there, she promised to be my wife, (and I fain would have believed that I was the happiest man on earth,) a dark shadow seemed creeping towards us. Now, I am haunted with no such gloomy fancies. They are all bright and cheering. Even when I am turning over the leaves of some heavy folio, I seem to see the face of Beatrice—a 'thousand sweet humanities' beaming from her eyes—looking up to me from its pages. And last evening—so much did the fancy seem like reality, that I actually found myself addressing her the same as if she had been present, in the words of the poet:

"I wonder all men do not see  
The crown that thou hast set on me."

Yes, Beatrice's love is a crown far more precious than a royal diadem of gold and costly gems. I dare," said he, smiling, "to speak of these foolish fancies to you, Mary, because I know you won't laugh at me."

"And in return for not laughing at you," said Mrs. Richton, "you must grant me a favor."

"If it is anything in reason, I will. Tell me what it is."

"I wish you to promise not to be married till my husband returns. The joy of the occasion mustn't be darkened by his absence."

"When do you expect him?"

"In his last letter he said he should be here the first of May—a good time for a wedding."

"Yes, but before I promise, I must know what Beatrice thinks about it."

"If that is all that prevents you from complying with my request, I shall consider your promise as good as made. She, like every other bride-elect, will want time for preparation, and as for that matter, so will you. Your house, though in good repair, may need some alterations, and some of the apartments must be newly furnished."

"There will be ample employment for all the time we have bargained for," said Mrs. Richton, when speaking to Beatrice on the subject of the wedding.

"And I'm so glad," replied Beatrice, "that the time decided on is during my brother's vacation, as he can come without interrupting his studies, which he would be loth to do, as he stands high in his class."

And when the delicate-footed May had come, her fresh green robes brightened by the tracery of flowers, and her amber tresses, braided with sweet-scented buds and leaves, waving in the breezy air, amid the congratulations of friends

they loved, Judge Danby welcomed Beatrice to the home he had prepared for her.

“And here, too, dearest, said he to his bride,  
“will your brother—now mine—at all times  
find a corner by our fireside, and a place at our  
table.”

## **THE MONTH OF ROSES.**

V F T

*Arthur's Home Magazine (1861-1870); Jun 1864; 23, American Periodicals*  
pg. 304

### **THE MONTH OF ROSES.**

**You and I should not let it pass without some recognition and reverence. The heart that is not loyal to Nature, is by so much less loyal to Nature's God.**

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And this month comes down the broad highway of the year in such bewilderment and intoxication of life and joy, that our hearts go out to meet her for a little while with the gladness and mirth of children.

Oh, June, June! with thy draperies of sunshine, with thy breath of blossoms and thy singing birds, with the glory of thy mornings and the wonder of thy nights, how dost thou come down, witness of God, to this poor, weary, sin-driven old world.

Thou coverest it with the garment of thy grasses, thou healest the stripes made by its winter and its storms, with the soft bandages of thy clovers and daisies, and in a passion of bloom the roses open their fiery beauty over all the land.

So the old earth looks young again—looks glad, too, and pure as we fancy she did when she came from the hand of her Creator, and the morning stars sang for joy over the birth of their new sister.

Oh, earth, it is not always June with thee. Oh, earth, more are the days of thy sorrow than thy gladness. Thy June mornings may sing for joy; thy flowers may bloom; thy streams may shout for very gladness, as they go dancing to the sea, and looking out on thee thus we may forget for a little while that sorrow, and shame, and sin, are amid thee. But we shall not forget it long. It is the third June that the banners have waved and the smoke of battle has hung its dark blue clouds over the land. Will it be the last June? We asked thy sisters before thee, and they did not make answer, and the years only replied to us with the thunder of cannon and the trampling of legions.

We strain our eyes up the long turnpike of the future, and our hearts echo the words of the old song—"Is the Cruel War Almost Over?" We hope so. We pray so. Shall the dear old flag wave her fair cloud of stars over the land which has torn and trampled her glory in the dust. And waving there, shall she be the witness of reconciliation and courage and comfort to the people, and a new peace which shall be better than the old.

Soft June winds going to and fro, beautiful June flowers, sanctifying the air with your sweet perfumes, ye cannot answer; ye only come to us doing the will of God, and so in another way, by another path—a path of whirlwind, and storm, and battle—a path in which dwells all human suffering and sacrifice—a path where sublime patience and sublime heroisms walk together, so in that other path is this war "doing the will of God." V. F. T.

## The New Spectacles.

BY CLARKE WILDFELLOW.

One sultry afternoon in midsummer, I took the cars for B——, a country town some fifty or sixty miles from the city in which I resided. I wanted to escape from the sights, sounds and smells of the great metropolis, to some cool, shady retreat, where no traces of man's restlessness, ambition or vanity could be seen. I was tired and cross. Everybody rubbed me down the *wrong* way. I had been overtaxed, and needed rest; and in a state of mind not to be envied I entered the cars, and appropriated the only vacant seat, at the same time appointing myself a committee on ways and means to keep it. I wanted the space usually allotted to two persons; I intended to have it, and I was in no mood to conceal my wishes or designs. I did not care who saw me *wrong side out*, that day, while I sat there waiting for the train to start. There were the two long rows of seats, each one occupied by two persons. There were old and young, brown and fair, tall and short, and fat and lean, on exhibition in the car; all colors, classes and conditions were represented; and it seemed as if they were determined to go in pairs once more, as in the olden time, when men and beasts, and birds and reptiles, found mates, and marched with them into the ark. There were people enough in the world yet, I thought, in spite of wars, and pestilence, and famines.

I had set out to visit in the country. I recollected one day that I had an Aunt Wiggins out there, who, as my only living relative, *might* take some interest in my welfare, and be glad to see me. I do not speak of my friendless condition because I ever had reason to regret it; on the contrary, if there is one blessing which I have appreciated above all others, and for which I have ever been truly thankful, it is that I was so fortunate as never to have had a regiment of uncles, aunts and cousins to look after me, and assist me with their advice.

I was just comfortably seated, and intending to remain so, regardless of the comfort and convenience of other people, when a man, dressed in a hunter's suit, entered, and, for the want of a place to sit, stood near me. I did not look up as high as his face; I only saw his hunter's dress, and for the wearer I cared as little as I knew. I was fully prepared to show forth the dark, selfish side of my nature, for selfish thoughts cannot fail to beget selfish

deeds. I was not interested in any one except myself just then, and I should have been more disgusted with self than with all the world beside, if I had seen that individual as others might have seen him.

The train started, while the man remained standing. It irritated me to see him there, standing so calm and self-possessed, as I knew he was, for he did not turn or fidget, and all the time it seemed as if he was looking at me in an amused and compassionate manner, very much as he would look at a cross lady bear. I learned afterwards that he had done so; that he had taken my *measure* then. When I could endure his gaze no longer, I moved along with a jerk, and motioned to him to sit down beside me. I wonder yet that he dared do so; but he took his place by my side as quietly and fearlessly as if I had been an amiable brother, instead of the fierce savage that I was. I had not deigned to look into his face all this while, but I *felt* that his atmosphere was pleasant and genial; that it was *thawing* me more than the hot sunbeams had done. No need to see his face, or hear him speak; I knew what sort of man sat by me.

The iron horse was taking us on at a rapid rate. He never tired, but seemed to go faster the longer he was driven. The farmer stopped work, and the children left their play, to look, while we were whirled past them. We passed two or three stations, stopping a few minutes at each. Some of my fellow travellers went off, and others came to take their places. It reminded me of a longer journey which we are all taking, in a huge car, that runs on life's great railway. Sometimes the road is smooth, and sometimes it is rough; sometimes the cars run off the track, and sometimes they collide with some other train; but we all hope to be set down in safety at our journey's end.

After I had compared the journey of a day with the journey of life, I began to classify the travellers. They talked and read, and frowned and smiled, and yawned and slept, unconscious of the speculations concerning them. Like the great busy world outside, was this little world in a rail car; and in both, men and women are rushing on, on, forever on, till their destination is reached. And what if one wiser, and perhaps more miserable than the rest, sits apart with a frowning brow, and a defiant, self-conscious air, to analyze the thoughts and motives that move the mass of matter around him, and to repulse all with his dark looks and moody ways. His clever calculations and sage conclusions will make

no difference with them or him; the wheels roll on, and humanity is carried along just the same. We may enjoy the ride if we will, I thought, but in order to do so we must *make our own conditions*. The best do not live half as well as they might. Within ourselves is good and evil, joy and sorrow, peace and discontent. There is enough to live for if we cannot have everything we wish. The world is full of good and beautiful objects, and we should see and enjoy them; not like peevish children, push away the things within our reach, and cry for something beyond. These reflections softened me towards mankind in general, and towards my travelling companion in particular.

At length he took a dainty lunch from his pocket, and asked if I would share it with him. I refused; but as I looked down on his extended hand, the palm of which was hidden by the cake and sandwiches which he offered me, I observed that it was aristocratically small and white—a gentleman's hand; but it looked so out of place with the owner's garb, that I had to look a second time, and then follow it home with my eyes, and then go up into the face above it. He looked as I had thought he did; and when I met his steady, earnest gaze, I knew at once that I could trust him entirely. It humiliated me to remember my impatience and incivility. But a short time before I had been unwilling to treat him with common courtesy. I ventured a few remarks about the places we were passing. He seemed as willing to converse as he had been to take the seat so grudgingly offered. I had robbed myself of much useful information by remaining so long silent, for he was observing and intelligent, as well as gentlemanly and agreeable. As many others have done, I had submitted with bad grace to an arrangement that I could not help, and found at last that it was the *best* and *pleasantest* that could have been made for me.

While we talked the prospect seemed to brighten; the country looked more inviting, the people more human. The sober color of the clouds which had been in my sky was relieved by streaks of light and pink. My new friend grew more entertaining. I believe the good that he had done me made him happier.

"I wish you to try a new pair of spectacles," he said at length, rather abruptly.

"Try some new spectacles!" I echoed. "Why, I do not wear spectacles. I never had occasion to use any artificial helps to my eyesight."

"Yes," he answered; "you were looking through some very peculiar glasses when I first saw you, and the 'scientific optician' who made them has humbugged you, and every other person who has been so unfortunate as to purchase his wares. You have worn them a long time—the same pair; and you will never see people or things correctly till you get some new ones. Distorted and ugly images will be before you all of the time, and lies and falsehoods will take the place of truths and realities. You understand me; you do not see clearly through these old *green goggles*, and you must throw them away."

"But why are you so interested in this matter?" I asked. "Why are you not offended at me for treating you so rudely at first?"

"Because," he answered, "I saw that you really were not as ferocious as you appeared. You were troubled and perplexed, but I thought your heart was in the right place all of the time. You will confess now that you see better; that all things have improved greatly since you sat here."

"Yes," I returned; "but I do not understand why you are taking so much pains with a miserable fellow like me."

"Well," he continued, "that will not seem so very strange to you when you look through my spectacles. You are my brother, and if you have lost your way, it is a pleasure to help you to find the right road again, if you will let me. What am I, that I should presume to censure you? What right have I to judge you, or to get angry at you? Your selfishness and ill-nature did not hurt me any; it was yourself that was made uncomfortable and ridiculous by it. I like to work for others, for then I forget myself, and my own petty trials and schemes; so you are not the only one benefited. I do not care for the company of these good-natured, self-satisfied men, who would tickle my self-esteem, expecting me to return the compliment. I should not need them, nor they me; but the case was different with you. I knew you were not very good or amiable when I came into this seat with you, but you have *felt* the power of kindness, and seen Nature looking glad and gay; and yielding to these sweet influences, you are so changed and cheerful, that you are now a very pleasant companion."

"Thank you, sir," said I. "Happy to hear that I am not quite *intolerable*. But what if I had continued as you found me? What if you had made me your enemy, instead of your friend?"

"Then you would have been more valuable than you will be now," said he. "My enemies are more useful than my friends. They criticize, and find fault continually; but in their ill-natured way they suggest many things that are real improvements; and I am obliged to them for it. Besides, I always know what to do with them. But for our enemies, sir, we should never know how imperfect and ridiculous we are. It does a man good to look at himself through a magnifying glass once in a while; to see every defect exaggerated. Then you are not obliged to be very polite to your enemies; for they will not expect you to tolerate them, except for humanity's sake. But it is entirely different with your friends; they will stick to you like so many burrs; and perhaps annoy you forever. One of the best men that I ever lived with, a kind, self-sacrificing friend he was, too, plagued me constantly more than I can ever tell; more than I can acknowledge to myself, without blushing; and in such an innocent, unsuspecting manner, that I felt every day that I was a heathen to be annoyed by him. I want a new clause put into the 'Prayer Book,' 'From all particular friends, Good Lord deliver us.'"

"Then I infer that I should serve you better as a foe than as a friend," I said.

"I think I should like you in either capacity," he replied. "I respect fierce animals; and your surly, moody ways were a grateful contrast to these dead calm, contented people, which I see about me. You did not control your temper, or even attempt to smother your emotions; so I thought you were not hypocritical. I like an honest man, if he is sharp; just as I like roses if the stems are thorny; or chestnuts if the burrs are prickly. I liked you because you tried to drive me from you; because there was something in you to resist."

Here the shrill whistle of the engine, the ringing of the bell, and the shout of the conductor interrupted us; and announced to me, that I had reached my destination. With a hasty "good-by" to the stranger, I rose, took up my carpet-bag, and was proceeding to make my exit, with all possible speed, when I perceived him close behind me.

"Stop here?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Good! we will finish the conversation, or take another subject, and commence anew. I hope to see you often during my sojourn here."

"Of course you will. Where do you go?"

"To my aunt's, Mrs. Washington Wiggins." "Indeed I live in her neighborhood, and we will go down together. It is two miles; a pleasant walk for us," said he. "I expect to surprise my family, for I have been absent, about three months, and am returning quite unexpectedly."

He led the way, and dark enough, and dismal enough, the road before us looked in the twilight, with the thick wood on each side of it.

"I have been living a sort of savage life, since I left home," he continued; "and I am returning wonderfully improved in health and spirits. You see the machine had been running too fast; threatened to break down before it was worn out; but pure air, plenty of exercise, the freedom of the forests, and the excitement of the chase, have done more to restore me than doctors or medicine could do. I have not been trammelled by fashion and custom; or choked and cramped by congenial surroundings; while I have been caring for my animal nature. My inspiration is in my blood, as well as in the beauty and sublimity of the works which I behold. Existence is enjoyment now. I live high. Murmuring brooks, singing birds, sunshine and shadow, clouds and sunsets; the ocean's roar, the lightning's glare, and the tempest's fury, have made me tender and loving with their gentleness; or proud and daring with their terrors; but I find my rapture heightened by a perfect circulation, nervous vigor, and energetic muscles. Why! I can laugh heartily over the greatest trouble that I ever had in all my life; and I can spiritualize my most disagreeable tasks."

"Then you are a true philosopher; but, why did you bury yourself in this obscure town?" I inquired. "What brought you here in the first place, and what keeps you here in the last place?"

"I cannot give a very satisfactory answer to either of your questions," he replied. "The place is well enough; it does not matter much where I live. I mean to be independent of circumstances for my happiness. But my reason for living here, if I have any. My tastes and pursuits, made me prefer solitude. I wanted to hide somewhere; then it was a great accommodation to the man who sold me his place, to get rid of it; and lastly, though I know you will think me superstitious, I had a singular dream which decided me. I assure you, that there is here an extensive field for a home missionary. I have lived in this place ten years, surrounded by Rag, Shag,

and—that other fellow; a set of creatures who do not realize that there is any world beyond their own families and neighborhood; where, if I were dependent upon society for enjoyment, I should be perfectly miserable. My residence here has been the best discipline that I could have had; for I have learned to depend upon my own resources, and live independently. I love the country. The hum of insects, and the warbling of birds, delights my ear; and the tender buds and brilliant blossoms please my eye. I love to watch the silent changes that go on in the natural world, and reflect on the corresponding changes that are taking place in the spiritual life. From the time that the young year adorns himself in robes of beauty, till the fading flowers and falling leaves admonish us that he is in a decline, I revel in sunlight and gladness. And when decay and death fastens upon these treasures of the bright spring and glorious summer-time, I wonder why they bloom to fade; and why our hopes are phantoms; why love's pale, sweet roses must wither; and why blights and disappointments fall upon our hearts, and waste our spirits till naught is left but the ashes of youth's brightest dreams. Every thing I see tells me that there is a change awaiting me, and bids me prepare for it, even as the leaves and flowers are preparing; for I, like them, shall surely die; but not like them return to this life again, when spring, with its many sweet voices, shall call to me."

"Yes," I answered; "there is more than we can comprehend in all these mysteries of life and death. 'We have eyes, but we see not.' I envy you your leisure and retirement. Unremitting toil and care is unfavorable to thought and reflection."

"True," he resumed; "and for that reason I have a constitutional aversion to mere drudgery. There are men who are glad to dig ditches and canals, and plow and plant, and reap and sow, for gold. And there are women who are willing to wash, and scrub, and bake, and iron, for money; and while it is necessary that such things should be done, I prefer to leave these exhausting labors to people who have strength to work, and who have no aspirations which make constant employment irksome. And if I take care to respect their rights, remunerate their toil, and encourage their efforts to improve, I am their benefactor when I use their hands to perform my labor. If three-fourths of the men and women in the world are in a state of spiritual babyhood yet, they are *needed* as much as the

most cultivated and refined, whose souls have ripened and matured under more favorable circumstances. Mind must govern the matter, and run the machinery which we find in this world. Some are born to plan, and others to execute. What does your day-laborer care for paintings and poetry, and beautiful sunsets, and fine landscapes, when he has delved from dawn till dark, and is completely exhausted? He cares more for a good supper and an easy couch, than for all the pictures and poetry in the world. *God help him*, if he does not, while he is digging out his salvation; else his restless, hungry spirit will devour his body. What does your washwoman care for the fine arts; when her ragged, hungry children cry to her for bread and clothing? She lives her poem; and her week-day struggles and sacrifices, are her heroic deeds. But look! yonder is your aunt's dwelling, where a light is glimmering through the trees."

We had emerged from the wood into the open country; the road was smooth and even; the air was fragrant with the smell of flowers and new-mown hay; and I felt as if I should enjoy my visit, in spite of my fears. We approached the house, and I bade my guide "good night," and went up the path that led to it. I stood a few minutes at the door. One experiences a peculiar sensation when he stands at a threshold which he has never crossed; waiting to be admitted into the presence of a relative whom he has not seen for years. I felt uncertain about the reception. I might be remembered and welcome; or I might be a forgotten and an unwelcome guest. I rapped, and my aunt presented herself at the door, to answer the summons. She was glad to receive me; and the poor deluded creature seemed to think that I had conferred a favor in coming to see her; that she was under immense obligations to me for remembering her at all. She treated me as if I were a child yet, and for a few moments I forgot the years that had rolled over me. She was so cordial, and inquired so affectionately after my health and prospects, that I ceased to think of the coarse, hard hands, the angular figure, and the old-fashioned attire, and remembered only the kindly eyes, the hearty welcome and true hospitality of my relative. And while she prepared my supper, I told her about the gentleman who had been my guide; and who had instructed and entertained me by the way; adding that I hoped to be better acquainted sometime. I happened to look

into my aunt's face, and observing that it had elongated considerably during the recital, I paused to give her a chance to reply. She proceeded immediately to inform me that the gentleman in question was a *very singular man*. She did not think him a good man, and she was quite sure that there was not another person in the whole neighborhood that had such strange notions, and peculiar ways, and said such queer things as he did. I said I was sorry to hear it (to myself), and then listened attentively, while she went on and dissected him, in the most scientific manner, for my especial benefit. Your medical student who has just graduated with the highest honors, knows comparatively nothing about the use of the scalpel. Some old woman who has used the dissecting-knife on her neighbor's actions and intentions, till she is mistress of her art, will make him confess his ignorance, and stand confounded, while she practices surgery. My poor aunt, like her unfortunate nephew, looked through *bad glasses*. She was a kind-hearted creature, but quick to suspect evil, and discern defects. Her energetic method of treating *her subject*, made me understand that he was a positive character. No one ever aims a blow at a negative one. It is positive people that do all of the fighting, and revolutionizing, and suffering and dying for principles; that are grand, noble, earnest, original, fearless and honest. It is the only type of character, in short, that inspires great reverence, and unbounded admiration. Your negative men and women do nothing at all for humanity.

If my aunt had failed to perceive my new friend's merits, and had taken alarm at his singularities, her account of him had increased my esteem, and when I made a vigorous effort, a few days afterwards, to defend the hapless subject from attack No. two, she shut up like Miss Murdstone's work-pocket, with a *snap*, and remained silent on that topic for several days. And I took the hint so politely given, and shut up too, for I never felt quite plucky enough to contend with a woman. It is better to retreat, than to be defeated, and so I leave the field when the fair appear against me.

After supper, my aunt took me into her "spare room," and showed me where I was to sleep, and hoped that I would rest well; and then left me in possession of the premises till morning. There was a high-post bedstead with a feather bed upon it, looming up higher than I had ever hoped to mount; a striped yarn carpet covered the floor; there

were white cambric curtains at the windows; half a dozen wooden-bottomed chairs; a stupendous bureau; a looking-glass in a dark frame, with a gilt eagle mounted on the top of it; a table with a "Bible," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Baxter's Saints' Rest" upon it; and a mantel piece whereon was a tremendous flowerpot, in which asparagus, marigolds, pinks and poppies figured extensively. These comprised the furniture and ornaments of the room. And the contemplation of these ancient articles of furniture, and their precise arrangement, carried me away back to the time when they were in the fashion; and I wondered whether I should be considered outlandish and awkward by the next generation. I wished that, whatever else old time would do with me, that he would spare my heart from growing old; that he would preserve my affections fresh and pure; and that he would keep my faith and hope alive till the last; and that the palsy touch of age, and the icy chill of life's winter, may never wrinkle or freeze my heart, is still my earnest prayer. After surveying my apartment, I ascended the feather bed, and reaching the summit quite exhausted, I fell asleep, and dreamed wonderful things, about reclining on the tops of lofty mountains, of ground covered with striped grass, of huge bouquets scattered about in profusion; and of golden eagles flying about the woods.

I was wakened at an early hour by the crowing and cackling, and lowing and bleating, and barking and mewing of the animals. I cannot understand why the brute creation persist in making such horrible noises, at such unseasonable hours. It was a Sabbath morning, bright and beautiful, and it seemed so fit that man should rest from labor, and worship on such a day as this, that I thanked God for the day, more heartily than I had ever done before. I made haste to dress, and go abroad, that I might worship in the fields and groves, while the morning's rosy light bathed the earth. The word in season, on the preceding day, made me reflect; and looking by a better light, and through a clearer glass, I felt that this world as it is, is just as good a world as we are prepared to live in. If it were better we should not be fit to live in it; if we were better it would not be fit for us to live in; but it requires so much teaching and training to enable us to see these things as we should. And there are so many poor creatures that never see at all; that live and die in the dark. Pity the souls that pine

without a light in their clay prisons; that cannot stand the wear and tear of life; the rough usage and harsh discipline which forms a part of their education. They are the fine china of human ware; they break and crack, and get unsightly and defaced. Sometimes the Father takes them home, and sometimes he suffers them to grow plain and homely. Returning from my walk, I presented myself at the kitchen door, where I was greeted by my illustrious relative, and informed that breakfast was waiting. We sat down to a bountiful repast, and I did it justice. After the meal was cleared away, and the house put in order, aunt began to make preparations to go to meeting, and asked me to accompany her. I consented to do so, and presently she appeared in her Sunday gown, and John hitched a very tame looking horse to a wagon; and in we got, and off we drove; while I was repeating, to myself, all of the poetry that I could recall, just then. I prudently refrained however, from saying anything very shocking aloud; for I remembered that it is easier to let a foolish speech slip out, than it is to take it back, or explain it away. Like poor Biddy, when laughed at for a simple remark, we may "wish it was back in our stomachs," while it is not in our power to make people forget the idle words which we have spoken. We do not *bridle* our tongues; we do not even halter-break them, on common occasions. When we had driven about a mile and a half, Aunt Wiggins pointed to an unpainted wooden building, about a quarter of a mile distant, and informed me that we were to attend service there. I looked for a place to fasten my horse, as we approached the sanctuary; though he was so steady and honest, that I am quite sure that he would not have gone home without a driver, if he had been allowed his liberty. We alighted, and I tied the nag to a tree; and ever since I have wanted to ask the brute's forgiveness for the insult; for I am positive that he would be standing there now, if somebody had not compelled him to go home. But I am not the only man that ought to humble himself enough to beg pardon of a beast. There are men who ought to be ashamed to look their cattle and horses in the face, who ought to go down on their knees to them, and confess their neglect and abuse; and promise to reform. We joined the crowd, and moved in the direction of the house; and entering, found some primitive arrangements for accommodating the congregation. This building was used part of the time as a place

of instruction for the rising generation; and judging from appearances the young ideas had shot in various directions. Some real bright thoughts had forced their way clear through the window panes, leaving very singular shaped holes in the glass, and then gone on, nobody knows where; but probably carrying destruction and ruin in their track. Some little rustic genius had spent his precious time in carving his name on the unpainted desks and benches; while another had displayed his skill in drawing, by pictures done in black and blue ink, upon the walls and woodwork. There were seats upon both sides and one end of the room. Upon the other end, was a platform and desk, for the use of the pedagogue or preacher.

Men and women, with bowed heads and wrinkled brows, came there to get their spiritual strength renewed; and if their souls were as crooked and misshapen as their bodies, they surely had much need of help. Young men and maidens came there in their holiday attire, with light steps and pleasant faces, to see and be seen; to gather instruction, or to get consolation; as is the custom in larger towns, where splendid temples and costly altars appeal to the senses. And little children came there, with their innocent prattle, and careless glee, to stare and wonder till they were tired, and then sleep till it was time to go home. When the preliminary exercises were concluded, the preacher, or exhorter, rose, and proceeded to *edify* part of his congregation, and *terrify* the rest. It was evident that he had never had a "call" to preach; and he talked a great deal to say a little; but the discourse was fully appreciated by some of the brethren, if the responses were any evidence. The truth was so diluted, that it required extraordinary patience and discernment to pick it out after it was served up. If the subject was not dull, I was; and when "sixthly, lastly, finally, in conclusion, a few remarks and I'll close," were all past; and the last, and to me the most refreshing sentence uttered, namely, "I add no more," I felt like saying "amen" with the brothers. Amen, to the last sentence I could have said, in the most hearty manner; in the real "glory," "hallelujah" style. And when slowly afterwards, I heard one of the brothers tell him that he had handled his subject *remarkably*, I felt a great inclination to laugh outright, in spite of the time and place. The crowd began to disperse; I assisted my aunt into her wagon, unfastened her horse, and

begged to be excused from attending her home, as I preferred walking. I was soon joined by my new friend, who inquired if the minister had said anything that reached my case. I thought he had not, but hoped he had reached somebody's case. It was sad if he had not helped or comforted some one that day.

"Pioneer work must often be done by bunglers," he said; "and perhaps the preacher that has failed to edify you and I, has spoken to a class that could be spoken to in no other way; and ministered to the wants and necessities of a people who were unprepared for any other teaching. Babies must have milk; and gross minds must have gross experiences. What is palatable to one, is sickening to another; and what is nourishment for one, is poison for another. The mind craves some kinds of food, and rejects others; and, 'grows by what it feeds on.'"

"Well, you do not find crumbs even to feed on here," said I. "You surely do not attend these meetings for any good it can do you."

"I have found it pleasant and profitable sometimes," he answered. "The simple testimony of a consistent Christian is worth more than all the fine sermons in the world. Some good old Aunt Dorothy, who does not know much, and whom nobody notices; who takes the lowest seat in church and the meanest place everywhere; who has waded through deaths and afflictions of every kind, can help you more in your darkness and distress than all the preachers in the world. She knows what she has lived, and in whom she has trusted. She deals in truths and realities, and leaves forms and shams to those whose shallow experiences can make them satisfied with such husks. And the meanest wretch who stands up and confesses his errors with a broken voice and repentant tear, is white before his God compared with his proud, self-righteous brother, who has never stumbled, for he has something valuable to offer. *A sense of sin* will never be despised; for it is the wanderer's most acceptable offering."

"You can discern spiritual truths, and perceive the beauty and mystery that lies hidden in *common things*," I said, "while I have been walking heedlessly over them and past them, never dreaming how curious and interesting they were."

"You are going to see *truly and clearly*," he replied; "you will study and understand when you get your new 'spectacles' and are prepared to use them."

When I reached home, I found my venerable

relative bustling about preparing our supper like a real Martha woman as she was. These careful, troubled Marthas form a numerous class, and are very unlike the humble, patient Marys. We *respect* the former, and acknowledge that we could not live without them; but we *love* the latter. Working and serving is well, but weeping and waiting is better.

This busy, helpful woman, my aunt, lived more in the past than in the present or future. She rode in the car backwards, and was always looking towards the road that she had gone over. With a dim eye, faint heart, and feeble faith, she looked forward when some fair prospect or inviting field was pointed out. She saw plainly the trials of life's morning; but forgot that the fogs and mists that cloud the dawn may be dispelled before noonday, and that the sun may set as gloriously as if the day had been ushered in with rosy light. She was exacting too—a perfect Shylock in her way.

*Distressingly* good people are often troubled in that way, and that is one reason that we enjoy the society of sinners best. There are men who must have their heaping measure and their half cent; and there are women who want every one to be sure to make their own half of the bed, and sweep their own half of the room every time. They love justice more than mercy, and think the law with its frowns and terrors better than the gospel with its tenderness and forbearance.

Somehow the current of my thoughts or inclinations drifted me in the direction of my new friend's home very often, and somehow his current drifted him in my direction quite as often: so we met nearly every day during my sojourn there. My faith in his integrity remained unshaken, and my admiration increased. It is good to have some one to believe in—to find some one who will believe in us, whom we will listen to, and who will listen to us, when no one else will.

Upon my return from one of these visits one day, I found my careful aunt looking very much as if she smelt woollen burning somewhere; and when I asked the cause of her mental discomfort, she gravely informed me that she feared that my *character* would suffer if I continued so intimate with the gentleman in question.

"You mean *reputation*," I suggested. "The terms are not synonymous as you suppose."

"Perhaps so," she replied; "I am not good at splitting hairs. You make nice distinctions. Pray tell me the difference."

"Well," I answered, "character belongs to the soul; it is the motives which govern action, and for that we are accountable; but reputation is the light in which these actions are viewed. The estimation in which we are held by the universal public, the judgment which men see fit to pass upon us, may be, and often is, erroneous. For that we are not accountable. It is impossible for another to see the springs from which our actions flow; so it is quite possible that a man may have a good character and a bad reputation, or a bad character and a good reputation. The first rests with God and ourselves, the last with our friends and enemies. A sensitive man will always be distressed if he is misunderstood, and public opinion is not to be disregarded. But there need not be much fear about results. If a man's reputation is worse than he deserves for a time, the mistake will surely be discovered, and all whose good opinion is really worth caring for will hasten to make reparation. It is gratifying to feel that we are known as we are; but if it is to be a part of our discipline to go through the whole, or a portion of our lives, without this recognition, it becomes our duty to submit and wait patiently till men reverse their hasty decisions. It is sad if this is not done till we have ceased to sorrow and rejoice over such things; but comforting to remember that it will surely be done some day. We should handle reputations carefully, for we hurt ourselves when we are unjust to others; and a habit of seeing imperfections, and trusting to appearances, is the surest method of becoming uncharitable and unjust. And the man who refuses to acknowledge his faults and rectify his mistakes, is like one going through life with a diseased limb, suffering more than can be described, yet refusing to part with the troublesome member. Too many people pet some sin or weakness which is a constant affliction and reproach, and have not courage to strike the fatal blow which will sever a source of shame and pain from all that is pleasant and desirable. They are too cowardly to consent to amputation, and they lose their lives in consequence."

"Good preaching is rarely followed by good practicing," observed my aunt.

"But that should not detract from the merit of the preaching," said I. "If we are hungry, we can eat from earthen plates; if we are thirsty, we can drink from tin cups. Doctors are not always willing to take their own pills, although it is generally conceded that they

should be. Yet they find people who are glad to take their pills, without asking whether the doctor ever has or ever will swallow a dose like that dealt out for them. Reformers know this, and find out after awhile that many of their benevolent plans and beautiful theories are impracticable. There is implanted within us a love of truth and goodness, and a desire to see all men useful and happy; but the cowardice of weak people, and the villany of bad ones, has made it impossible to do all that should be done for suffering humanity. We feel the way to these truths with our hearts, or reason our way to them with our heads. It does not matter much which way we come; but we find wise men with their ingenious theories and profound philosophies, and simple women with their undying affections and trusting natures, upon the same platform, recognizing the same principles and believing the same doctrines. You are tired with my lecture, aunt; I will not trespass on your patience in this way again."

"Do not leave me this afternoon," she said, the next day, when she thought she saw me preparing to go out. "This is your last day; stay and read to me."

"With pleasure," I answered. "Here is a speech. Will you hear that?"

"Oh dear, no; I shall not be interested in that," she replied.

"Very well, here is an account of Monsieur Montrosse's ascension in a balloon."

"I do not wish to hear about that either," said she. "If God had intended people to go up in the air, He would have furnished them wings—would He not?"

"I should think so, aunt; and if He had intended them to go on a road He would have put them on wheels also—would He not? But I find a story here, I know you are suffering to hear that."

"Well, read it, and do not be making fun of me any more."

So I read to her that last afternoon of my visit; and then we talked, and for a wonder we agreed on several subjects. The prospect of parting so soon made us forbearing. In the evening we went together to her strange neighbors, and had a delightful visit with them.

I could scarce keep a steady voice and dry eyes when I bade that man farewell. I felt indebted to him for one of the best lessons that I had ever received. Whether I have profited by it or not remains for others to say. Whenever I find myself bobbing and jolting on the track, switching off, frowning at the pas-

sengers, and hating everybody, I think of the old "specs" which I used to wear, and straightway don the new ones.

"I do not think that man so bad after all," my aunt remarked, as we travelled homeward that evening.

"I knew you would not think ill of him when you came to get acquainted. You will like him vastly yet," I said.

On the morrow I departed, carrying with me many pleasant recollections of my first visit in the country.

The years rolled on, and when every summer came I remembered my lone relative, and forgot in her quiet, peaceful home the cares and vexations of my life in town. These yearly visits got to be a luxury which I could not *afford* to miss. The last time that I went, a little band of friends and neighbors assembled at her house one cloudless afternoon; a prayer was said, a funeral hymn was sung, and with slow and solemn tread the body of my aunt was borne to an open grave.

## The Old Dwelling.

BY E. ANNA RAWSON.

There is always something deeply interesting to me in ruined habitations, however rude may be the style of architecture, or uncouth the design, or homely the surroundings. The ivied castles of the Rhine, the crumbling fortresses of Scotland, the mouldering piles of Italy, may be grand in their decay, and endowed by historic and romantic associations to the beholder, yet the decaying vestiges of the last century to be met with in our New England towns, speak to the reflective mind as deeply, if not as irresistibly, as they. I chanced the other day, while walking in the open country, to meet with one of these—a deserted dwelling at least a century old, far from any abode of man, away from the county road, its rotten walls familiar only to the bird of the forest. The surroundings were in keeping with the dwelling. Venerable trees were scattered here and there, which bore many scars, proofs of their battling with the storms of many seasons. The garden choked with weeds and bushes, the well filled with stones and rubbish, the sunken steps that led to the door, all gave the same silent echo of desolation. I stepped within the door and looked around. A stone chimney occupied at least half the space within the walls. The small rooms contained ample fireplaces. Huge beams traversed the walls overhead. The ceiling was dropping from the walls, and the dresser was damp with mould. I dared not trust the broken stairway to explore further, but sat down and mused on the past history of this time-worn edifice.

The hands that fashioned it are doubtless resting from their toil; and they who called this dwelling *home*—the dearest word save one in our language—where are they? Its most recent occupants may still be on earth, but those who a century ago gathered here have found ere this the dwelling not made with hands. That fireplace once glowed with flame,

and round it gathered the household, from the patriarchal head to the wee darling of all. A mother once presided here, the gentle priestess at the altar of home. Prayers and songs have echoed here, and it may be oaths and cursings, from lips now forever hushed. Across that threshold merry feet have bounded from school, and church, and play. That door has closed on youths going forth to find what the world had in store for them, and brides whose smiles were veiled by tears as they said good-by to the home of their childhood. Stalwart men have returned with glowing cheek to its portal, who to the fond maternal heart were always boys. And death has entered here an unbidden guest, and brave and gentle hearts have followed him to the land of silence. And the old house—has it kept no record? has it ever been a silent witness of human struggle? No, it is now eloquent, it speaks of the past in better language than I can write, it writes with deeper emphasis than ever came from human lips, "passing away." I listened to the wind moaning through its crevices, as though sighing a requiem for departed days, and, strolling homeward, I saw the setting sun wreath the old house in a baptism of glory, as though striving to dispel the reign of silence and decay.

MILFORD, MARCH, 1864.

## Victory.

BY SARA ADELA WENTZ.

A south wind stirred among the cedars, and shook petals from the apple blossoms to her feet. She stood upon the river's quiet brink, with the garden between her and the house; her palms were pressed together as if she wrestled with herself, and she shook her bended head shudderingly, as if she dared not look up for guidance to the Being who might require of her—sacrifice! only sacrifice! How little she had understood the pitiful word; it reached to every side of her spirit, and her soul seemed world-wide in its apprehensions about her fate. One hand rested upon an apple-bough above her drooping head—that fair head so classically crowned with soft brown hair; she thought *his* hand would stroke it tenderly when she was arranging it two hours ago. The wind swayed to and fro the light muslin dress that she wore; it arrested her eye, and she clenched the floating folds as if they mocked her with the words he spoke when first he saw her wear it—"You look so pure in that!" Most blessed of all words they seemed to her then. That night when she prayed, she had entreated, "O, my Father, make me pure, wholly pure, at any cost! Make my spiritual nature beautiful, even though it be through supreme suffering!"

Ah! what had she known of suffering then? There had seemed a deep poetry about it; and she saw it now; she thirsted to be pure and beautiful, with airs of Eden floating through the temple of her being, for *his* sake; that she might be loved humanly. What if there were no way to make her so, except the way of renunciation? What if she must take up one bleeding tendril of her heart after another and wrench them from him? *Could* she fasten them upon the great and dreadful God?

"Margery! Margery!" called a childish voice, and her little sister laughed with glee to have found her. She looked impatiently upon the child at first, then a tide of strange emotion swept into her stony eyes; she held out both arms, and her lips strove to part in a smile. She sat down on the ground and took the little one in her arms, pressing her against her breast with divinest pity; her tears fell upon the golden head, and her heart burst forth, "O, Christ, even so Thou didst pity me in my happy days, knowing that I should be broken on a rock!"

"I've been in the arbor with Sophie and Mr. Ingham, Margery," said little Jessie.

"Is he there?" was the sharp demand, and the girl sprang up, setting down the child so roughly that she cried an instant. "Go into the house, Jessie. Don't go near the arbor. Go!"

Jessie obeyed, and Margery fled like a wild animal down the river bank; she was trying to flee from everything that made up the sum of her existence. O to hide! to find some place where Paul should never see her in her mortally wounded condition! She stopped at last and looked upon the cool river—ah! with such desire!—but the great and dreadful God held her back. The water was shallow at a short distance above, and here and there a stone appeared above the surface; she crossed slowly, looking down and observing with a sensation of relief that her feet got wet; she knew that people took cold in that way and died after awhile. She plunged into dense woods free from underbrush, and wandered about until the sun had set and the early moon hung in the May sky; the dew came down, but did not fade the brilliant fire that burned on her cheeks; it was fed by a devouring heart-flame. She arrested herself suddenly, and uttered, "He will think I am hurt—hurt even as I am—if I do not appear at the tea-table!"

Then she put up her hand to see if her hair was disordered; the wind had blown it a little. She gathered some wild vines and wove them into a wreath as she hastily walked homeward; this she threw over her head as she entered the dining-room door with a smile. She was not absolutely beautiful, but she looked so at this moment when Paul Ingham's eyes fell upon her; she looked radiant and queenly, with the flashing light in her eyes, the rose in her cheeks, and deep coral on her proud lips. Her father and mother, with Mr. Ingham, her friend Sophie, and little Jessie, sat at the table.

"How late I am!" she exclaimed. "And what a ramble I have had!"

"We expected you before," said Sophie.

Paul said nothing, but there was an undefined anxiety in his searching eyes, and a slight compression of his under lip, as he watched all her movements. He had directed Jessie to find her, and knew that she was aware of his visit. Had she looked at him, he would have taken possession of her; he would, without knowing his power, have asserted sway over her wretched spirit, and have drawn her out of the abyss of torture in which she had been thrust by Sophie. But she had a woman's art, and she acted ably the part she had set

herself to fulfil; there was a sense that told her Paul watched her curiously, and this observation was like a buoyant wave beneath her; never had she seemed so artless, so fascinating. Pride in some natures is so powerful, that in certain emergencies it wholly puts off its ordinary ultimatum, and seizes the helm of the mind, ordering every faculty to do its behest. Paul thought Margery was never so bewitching and so unapproachable; there was no tie between them; he had never told her of his love; it was rather because the young girl had flown with startled timidity to other topics when he would have done so, than because he had not intended it; he wished now, with a kind of terrible throe that he had secured her before, that he might take her hand, lead her away, question her, and make her look at him.

When tea was over, she went to a side table, took up a goose quill, and, approaching Mr. Ingham, said carelessly—

"O, will you mend this pen for me? I prefer the ancient style of writing to any gold pen that can be manufactured. I have two letters that I must write this evening, and, if you will all promise not to trouble me, I'll write them in the parlor; otherwise I shall mount to my sanctum and leave you."

"O don't go up stairs, Margery," said Sophie, putting an arm around her.

Shall I tell the truth, and say that Margery wished that Sophie lay dead before her? Yes, that was the thought that came; but she resisted it mightily. She wished even more—that she lay dead herself. She put her two hands on Jessie's white shoulders and leaned over her, whispering to her to go and get her face washed. The little golden head seemed to come between her and perdition; when she lifted herself, the snake-like arm was withdrawn.

"I will try not to trouble you, Miss Margery, as much as you trouble me by this industrious letter-writing," said Mr. Ingham, as he handed her the pen.

"That is very magnanimous and devoted—a beautiful state of mind," she responded, trying the nib of the pen on her thumb nail. "Come, Jessie, let me wash the clouds of honey from your countenance—I see that you don't respect my suggestion and start off yourself."

She led the child away, and soon reappeared with her in the parlor, where her father, Mr. Ingham and Sophie sat; the two latter were near a window, and Paul held a skein of

worsted, which Sophie was winding. Margery seated herself at a little stand, laid her writing-paper before her, while her heart seemed to clutch itself at sound of two voices. She had come there to hide her hurt by appearing somewhat as usual; she looked around, with suspended pen, and remarked—

"What a lovely shade of worsted, Sophie!"

She did not hear the answer, but dated her letter. Then, all unconscious of what her pen was tracing, she wrote—

"MY DARLING SOPHIE—I will be with you this afternoon.  
PAUL INGHAM."

It was that day only that she had picked up an open note in Sophie's room bearing these words. Sophie had been a friend from childhood; but as years developed the two girls, Margery had discovered their lack of congeniality; all that flashed over her as rich, and rare, and generous, she drew back from Sophie's sight, as if she might breathe upon it and tarnish it. With some friends Margery would give way to joyous bursts of enthusiasm; with Sophie her spontaneity was petrified; yet every year the handsome, showy, witty girl came to visit her—or rather she came to visit the town, the house, the fresh air, the dinner-table, the evening ride, the gentlemen who frequented the house.

Margery always felt her heart give a bound of dread when she received a letter announcing one of these visits; but she almost always went straight to her chamber after perusing the epistle, locked her door, dropt on her knees, and prayed to take the event as heaven-sent, and this style of spirit preparation enabled her to receive her old companion with kindness. She made sacrifices to her pleasure so cheerfully, one would not have suspected the friction she had undergone. One day her mother said anxiously—

"I fear, my child, Sophie will not have an elevating influence over you."

"Why, mother," Margery had responded archly, "I have flattered myself that she was making an angel of me very fast!"

"Be watchful lest she make you an angel of darkness," was the smiling rejoinder.

These words recurred to Margery in the midst of her torture, while her heart was reiterating, "O, that she were dead—dead—dead! Her siren wiles will drag him to the bottomless pit as well as me!"

That was an hour when Margery Gray hung suspended over hell; *she* of whom mothers had said, "How noble and conscientious she is!"

She saw it all; it was her supreme hour; she sat there acting a part, disguising before human eyes that friends and angels contended fiercely for her, and that her panting heart locked itself to the purposes of the fiends. It is not so much the evil thoughts that come to us that determine our character; it is the mightiness of the struggle to conquer them that can swing us from hell to the third heaven. She trembled in the grasp of the demons that had come for her that day, and lifted her agonized eyes mutely upwards, while her heart moaned, "They will tear me in pieces and none can deliver."

Even then help was not so far off as she thought; she had lost all track of the conversation going on about her, but at this instant she heard her father's good, protecting voice in these words, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

How she longed to cast herself in his arms and have him press her *close* against his breast—her good father! "the serene of peace" seemed to emanate from his whole being.

Soon after this there was a stir, and Mr. Ingham took his leave; they all shook hands with him, Margery among the rest. She watched his retreating form from the window—oh, with what infinite love and anguish. Sophie went to the door with him; how often she had done so. As that thought came, the burning flame leaped more cruelly to her cheek—perhaps she had sometimes gone alone when he would have preferred Sophie; she had mistaken a transient, slight penchant for such sad love as she experienced. Did she not remember now with what gay abandon he had laughed at Sophie's wit? The wit had seemed charming to her then.

She went to her chamber as soon as possible, and the word *overcome*, thrilled her, stung her, inspired her, demanded her, even down to the roots of her heart; she was brave, she fell down prostrate, but when her forehead touched the dirt, she said, "I *will* overcome!" Why tell of the long night spent in wrestling with devouring temptation! Why tell that she wept before God and found no answer! When morning came, her hate of Sophie seized her anew; it had at some instants been allayed. How to meet her; how to speak gently to her. All at once she recalled some advice her father gave her when she was angry with a school-mate. "Take her a bunch of flowers," said he, "and at the moment you hand them to her with kind feeling, God will lay an unseen

flower on your lips." She had done this with exquisite faith, and she remembered even yet the holy wonder that rolled over her spirit as her schoolmate caught her in her arms, saying, "How good you are!"

Margery went to the garden with weary, shrinking step, as a condemned criminal obeys another's will. "I do not love her," she said as she plucked a flower; "why perform an act that symbolizes love?" But a constraining angel made her feel that a good motive was the only kind of love of which she was at present capable; she *must* put her hand to some outward deed that would testify to her conscience a desire to attain a spirit of forgiveness. So sitting on a rustic bench, she wove many blossoms into a bouquet. She and Sophie entered the breakfast-room at the same moment by different doors. "Here are some flowers, Sophie," she said, laying them by her plate.

Sophie eyed her keenly as she thanked her, not in the least comprehending the terrible paths through which Margery had walked in the night-time, until they had led her to that simple act—that mighty act. Yes; it seemed for a few moments to lift the vulture from her heart; a gleam from the unclouded glory beamed above her, for a few moments only.

After breakfast, Sophie went directly to her music as usual. Margery said—"Mother, may I have some jelly to take to the sick woman at the foot of the hill? Perhaps I may be gone some time."

It seemed necessary to her very breathing that she should be absent from Sophie during this mortal conflict. She visited the poor woman, and remained until she had performed all the little offices that were requisite, then she left her, and obtaining the key of the church, she entered it and locked the door after her. It seemed to her as if she might get nearer to the heart of the Lord if she searched for Him in His temple; she lay prone before Him in such anguish and entreaty as poorer natures never know; she tried to give up the scheme of her life into the All-powerful Hands; but she shuddered to do it. She went home at sunset, and strove hard to appear as usual; she escaped to her room, and sat down by the window in the almost luminous twilight. Her mother came in very soon, and observed the touching expression of the pale, fair face; she softly put her palms on each cheek, and lifting Margery's face a little, kissed her forehead.

"I drop my blessing there," she said. "When you need me, my heart is ready."

"Thank you; not now, mother dear. I need nothing now but to pray that I may do my work."

Benedictions, kisses and tears fell again upon the daughter's face, then Mrs. Gray silently left the room to pray for the stricken one. She suspected the truth, for Sophie had by innuendoes half convinced her of Mr. Ingham's attachment to herself. In half an hour, Sophie entered after knocking.

"I am going away in the morning train!" she exclaimed. "Aunt has written for me. I have oceans of packing to do to-night."

"Can I help you?" asked Margery, almost with eagerness.

"Yes, if you will."

During the next two weeks Margery avoided meeting Mr. Ingham; then at her mother's persuasion she went West and spent three months.

One day, when she was on her return, she stood on the deck of a Hudson river steamer, looking upon the rolling, wooded heights, so brilliant with the gorgeous tintings of October. Italy never boasted a lovelier sky, a more transcendent sunset; its luminous glory seemed reflected on her soul.

"Margery!" uttered an eager, startled voice.

She caught the railing by which she stood, and breathed, "Oh!" as she met Paul's eyes; his hand was upon her arm.

"You frightened me," she said; "I thought these people were strangers to me."

He removed his hand and stood silent, regarding her earnestly, while his face alternately flushed and paled; it asked a question which his speechless tongue could not utter. Her eyes fell, and she partially turned away her face; then angry that she had so nearly lost her self-control, she inquired—

"Have you seen my friends recently, Mr. Ingham?"

He paid no attention to her question, but asked—

"Margery, do you dislike me?"

"Certainly not; you have always been one of the kindest of our friends."

"Our friends!" he repeated with a bitter accent. "I once hoped that I was *your* friend."

"Will you not be so?" she said, with arch gentleness; then she pointed out a stately residence, and asked, "Do you like that style of building?"

He followed the direction of her finger, and as she involuntarily turned her face to him for an answer, his eyes fell upon hers with an expression that suffused cheek and brow with

vermillion; her outstretched hand drooped unconsciously.

"Will you give up avoiding me when you get home?" he asked, in a low tone.

She was silent a moment under the spell of the magician; then she thought of Sophie, and that he had turned from one to the other. She raised her head somewhat slowly, somewhat proudly, and answered—

"I shall never intend to treat you with discourtesy, Mr. Ingham!"

He left her side abruptly, and walked up and down the deck; then he returned with eyes that burned in contrast with his paleness, and said—

"I will not *lose* you, Margery, unless it be God's fiat. I will be patient—I *have* been patient."

"I think you never *found* me. Perhaps you found Sophie," she replied, her pride a little touched at the implication that he had come near obtaining her.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Sophie!"

She looked straight at him, and met only an expression of supreme astonishment.

"Did you suppose I cared for Sophie?"

"Did you never care for her?"

"Never! Why, did you think so?"

"I saw a note of yours to her one day."

"I never wrote a word to her. You are under some misapprehension."

Margery blushed at Sophie's intrigue; and, recalling her many little arts to captivate Mr. Ingham, she believed that forgery was added to her stratagems to detach him from her.

"If it had not been for this misapprehension, would I have come nearer winning *this*?" he asked, touching her hand which lay on the railing.

"Yes," was the honest, agitated answer.

"And is it won now? Is it mine?"

She hesitated, while thought after thought swept over her face; then she mutely laid it within his. After a long, low talk, Paul Ingham said—

"It is Sophie who has made this beloved face so thin. I cannot forgive her for it, nor for the bitter days she gave to me."

"Do not say so," said Margery. "I could not have spared Sophie from my life. I hope her work for me is done, but I know the flaming sword was held by her; it drove me from a present Paradise; by a route I would not have chosen, it has pointed me to victory. Common duties have become more significant to me since we last met; I have gained something to carry to heaven with me. Protect me from,

looking towards Sophie with blame; it will hurt me."

"Ay, with God's help. Teach me to walk towards heavenly places through your innocent heart, Margery!"

"Innocent?" repeated she, thoughtfully. "I hated her, Paul; but I do not now—I pity her. There have often been times when the everlasting doors of my soul have been lifted up for the entrance of the King of glory, and each time I have prayed light might fall on *her*, so that has made me, perhaps, more innocent than I was."

## Disloyalty.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

It was a public day at Sheffield. From the sitting-room windows at the Oaks we could see groups of men gathered upon the village green, gesticulating vehemently as though in earnest discussion, and now and then an angry note of altercation struck sharply through the still summer afternoon, making unpleasant discord in Nature's psalm of thanksgiving and praise.

"Ah, 'tis a shame, and so strange," cried peace-loving Lily, "that half a dozen persons cannot come together now-a-days without getting into some wrathful dispute about national affairs."

"Not strange, Lily," mother said. "These are stormy times. Men feel deeply and express themselves strongly. Scarcely two persons see things from precisely the same standpoint. Hardly three, even if united in their views of the end to be attained, agree exactly in their notions of the best method of attaining it. Under strong excitement, wordy combats will necessarily ensue between those of dissenting opinions regarding popular questions."

Just then we heard the gate shut with a heavy clang, and Frank came up the walk with quick, impatient tread. Stepping upon the veranda, he turned hastily around, threw off his hat, pushed the hair away from his forehead, and stood silently looking towards the town—a smouldering fire in his fine, dark eyes, a hot flush of anger on his bronzed cheeks.

"Come in, Francis." Mother always spoke his name with such deep accents of pride and tenderness. We had noticed it more since he came back to us maimed and broken—one of the many sad wrecks cast up from the blood-red sea of war. His misfortune ennobled, glorified him in her eyes—and not in hers alone.

"Come in, Francis."

"Presently, mother."

Something in his tone, in his manner, attracted her attention, accustomed as she was to detect every shade of feeling in the countenances and voices of her dear ones.

"What has disturbed you, my son?" she asked, leaning from the open window beside which she was sitting.

"Traitors! Don't make me talk; I feel as though I were possessed with a legion of devils," he broke forth, wheeling sharply about, and beginning to pace back and forth in an excited manner.

Lily crossed herself in mimic terror. Helen,

who from her low seat near the door had been eyeing him mischievously over the top of Hawthorn's "Scarlet Letter," started up suddenly, exclaiming in tragic voice—

"What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,  
Hamlet the Dane."

She sprang out on the veranda with the air of a braggadocio, and went storming up and down at a furious pace.

"Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:  
Woo't weep? Woo't fight? Woo't fast? Woo't tear  
thyself?  
Woo't drink up Esile, eat a crocodile?  
I'll do't—"

"Bravo, Nell! You out-Hamlet Hamlet," Frank said, laughing in spite of himself at her absurd-acting. "Don't make sport of me," throwing his arm around her and drawing her in-doors. "A man can't nurse wrath a great while in an atmosphere like this, but I have been nearly choking with it for the last two hours."

"Tell me truly," she began, putting a hand on each side of his face and bringing it around in full view of her merry eyes, "upon honor, now, was it your voice that I heard dealing out judgment to traitors a little while ago?"

"Is it possible?" put in Lily. "And my very last words to him as he went out were, 'Now keep cool, Frank;' and he said, 'Yes, Lily.'"

Frank stood convicted.

"Where have you been, Helen?"

"Such a ravishing little humming-bird, with golden green coat, and flaming red collar, and black, bead eyes, kept whirring into the wood-bines and darting his delicate wings in my face. I was quite sure he was challenging me to catch him, so I threw down my book and gave chase. Away he whirled to the lilacs, I following; then back he sailed to the jasmines, and sat there swinging till I came up, hot and panting; then off he darted to the eglantines, and then I got so near him that if I had only had some salt, you know—when whirr! the glistening sprite was sitting on the highest twig in the hedge of wild roses. And so on from bush to bush the cunning one led me, nodding encouragingly every time he lighted, as if to say, 'Don't give up, you'll have me presently,' till at last the arch deceiver shot straight up in the air, like the monk from Cicero's Tower that you read about last night in 'Titan,' and then I stood, baffled and out of

breath, down by the thicket of laurels, skirting the common, and a **eat** storm of voices thundering in my ears. At first I was quite stunned by the confusion of tongues, but as I was about to run away these words shaped themselves out of the chaos: 'I tell you, man, we shall come out of this war a miserable, disgraced remnant of a once prosperous and powerful people—treasuries emptied, credit gone, public and private properties swallowed up in the general ruin, the whole land laid desolate, upon all sides men groaning under the heavy and unreasonable burdens laid upon them, the best blood and sinew of the nation wasted in an unholy strife, the flower of our population, the noble youth of the country, cut off, or, worse, physically shattered and fearfully demoralized, with spent energies and powers, for future usefulness wholly crippled. And all this for the "preservation of our honor!" Our honor! Stuff! A fine-sounding phrase, truly, but not half the fanatical mob who ring it in our ears know of what they are talking. For my part, I think this a cruel, unnatural, fratricidal war, and we might better have yielded to any demand of the South than ever to have entered upon it.' Here the eloquent speaker subsided, possibly for want of breath to proceed, and another coarse, brutal voice chimed in: 'You're right, Mr. Smith, you're right. The North is to blame. Yes, sir, the North ought to have yielded, compromised, submitted, or something or other. I always said so. Yes, *sir*, I always said so. It's my mind the South has got the best of it—got the *best* of it, sir.' Then you thundered—I'm sure 'twas your voice, Frank, though so choked with passion I scarcely recognized it—"

Frank interrupted her.

"Then I thundered, 'In the fiend's name, why are you not in the open service of the side you espouse, battling, sacrificing, suffering, giving your lives if need be in defence of the glorious principles of truth, honor, justice, liberty, and right, embodied—according to your views—in the Southern cause? Why are you skulking here, in the mask face of loyalty, under the protection of a Government so palpably in the wrong, so obstinately bent upon its own destruction and the ruination of all who lend it support? Secret workers of evil! Shameless vilifiers of the good and true! Is it for such as you that patriots are suffering hardship and privation?—daring peril and danger?—making of their breasts a bulwark for the defence of your liberties?—laying down their lives for the protection and promotion of

your interests and those of your posterity? For an outspoken, undisguised, all-daring traitor, who meets me in open field and fights me with legitimate weapons, I have, comparatively, some mingling of respect; but as for you, reptiles! the ground whereon you creep is cursed, the air you breathe is venomous; you are a plague spot to the eyes, and a stench in the nostrils, of every loyal man, and he would hasten the reign of truth and freedom on the earth who swept you off the face of it!"

"That was very strong language, Francis."

"I know it, mother. It was abusive language. Under less excitement I never should have spoken as I did. But I was angry; and I am angry yet."

Helen threw her arms around his neck and kissed him rapturously.

"Frank, dear old boy, you're the brother of my heart. But what happened then? I ran up to the house in the very midst of your oration, for I feared if I stayed a minute longer I should break through the bushes and make a speech too."

"You deserve credit for your discretion, Nellie. Well, nothing 'happened' then. I left Messrs. Jones and Smith glaring at me in dumb, white rage, and walked off with the secret purpose of smothering my wrath; but finding that an impossibility where fresh kindlings were being continually added, I finally put Satan behind me and came home."

"And we wont let you go down town again to-night, either, you bad-tempered young man," cried Lily. "No, not even to hear the inflammable discourse of the Hon. Mr. ——. You are our prisoner, sir, and we shall hold you by force of arms; wont we, Helen; wont we, coz Mabel?"

Frank had crossed the room and taken a chair beside the little work-stand, where Mabel sat trailing a pencil through the labyrinth of an intricate braiding pattern, taking no part in the conversation, and apparently, if one failed to note the changing color in her cheek, an uninterested listener.

"What does Mabel say?" A tenderness in his eyes, a depth of feeling in his voice, not perceptible in addressing others.

She rested her pencil and looked up smiling. "Patience and forbearance are excellent virtues, cousin Frank."

"But virtues which the most saintly fail sometimes to exercise. Even Christ was wroth with the hypocrites who sat in Moses's seat."

The pencil was wandering again.

"If you justify yourself by such high authority, you must experience great inward satisfaction."

"I do not seek to justify myself, Mabel; I only think if you could know fully my provocation, you would regard my offence more lightly. Is it an easy thing to stand coldly and calmly by and hear the cause to which you have sacrificed your best powers, and for which you would willingly give your life, spoken of as unholy and unjust? and the measures which you know to have been enforced with a view to the highest interests of the nation denounced as wicked, abominable, and oppressive?"

"Consider from whom the denunciation comes. Men who have not one spark of patriotism—no, nor even a definite idea of what patriotism really is, and are not to be blamed for it any more than you are to be blamed for the passionate blood which hurries you into rashness of speech and act so many times. Men who are only touched with a sense of wrong and injustice when their own personal interests are encroached upon, and who, under any rule and in any condition, would groan and grumble if called upon to make the slightest sacrifice, and do and give only by compulsion, and with angry protestations against 'the powers that be.'"

"Not these alone vex me," Frank said, "but otherwise high-principled and noble-souled men, to whom I would have looked for a generous support of all that favored the growth of human and divine rights, yet who are clamoring noisily now for peace—peace upon any terms—by separation, by surrender, by total subjection—without regard to honor, without respect to the dead who have fallen for the truth—holding a shameful submission to wrong a lesser evil than the continuance of a struggle which necessitates such costly sacrifices."

"Honest, well-meaning, but not heroic nor far-seeing souls," Mabel answered. "We will not condemn them without mercy. War, upon the face of it, is barbarous, atrocious, and unchristian-like, and to a timid soul, looking only upon the surface of things, and seeing the undeniable present evils flowing from this life and death contest between brother and brother, and not comprehending clearly the principle involved in the struggle, such wanton bloodshed, such reckless waste of human life, must indeed seem unjustifiable. To those who believe not that the spirit of God is moving upon the troubled waters, that out of the night and the chaos His hand in due season shall bring forth light and order, the present time is full

of doubt and discouragement. Such merit compassion rather than wrath."

"But then there is so much cavilling, so much gratuitous and uncalled-for criticism of leaders and measures," Frank went on. "Why, there's scarcely a man in this little village—and I suppose it is nearly the same all over the land—but believes, or at least talks as if he believed, that he could direct affairs at the Capital, and lead the armies in the field with far greater wisdom, boldness, and success, than attends these matters now. We are a race of critics, and none in all so insignificant but he can detect flaws and offer suggestions. Only let accident bring a man into public notice, and instantly press and people set up such a howling of mingled admiration, spite, and ferocity, that, unless the unfortunate one be possessed of a wonderfully strong, well-balanced mental organization, he becomes so afflicted with self-consciousness that he cannot move naturally, and is continually haunted with his 'me,' like poor Schoppe, who, when his eye chanced to fall upon his hands or legs, broke out in a cold sweat of fear. I wonder that the worn, weary man who sits at the helm of the old ship Union, with all this clamorous crew at his back, has not been driven to desperation or reduced to a state of idiocy long ere this."

Mabel smiled at his impetuosity.

"I trust the good masters of the ship are not subject to mental aberrations, cousin Frank. But think you our safety rests in their guidance? They are but instruments in the hands of the mightier Master, who, though all on board should cry 'We perish!' will lift our straining ship into serenest seas at last. 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,' Frank. After all, evil is only an under-force in the world, and subservient to righteous ends."

At this moment loud and prolonged cheering rose from the village. Simultaneously Helen, who had left the room a short time previous, appeared at the door with tea-bell in hand, and rang vociferously peal upon peal, until we involuntarily threw our hands to our ears, and begged her to desist. The gleeful girl laughed merrily—

"That was in honor of the spokesman of the peace party, and this," tinkling the bell softly, "is a summons to supper. Good friends. Madcap is the only practical and sensible one among you, for while you have been saying all sorts of distracted things on a distracting subject, she has been attending to your bodily needs, and has spread you a repast that the

far-famed 'chivalry' would delight to partake of. Now the first one that says a word about 'war' in the next half hour shall leave the table in disgrace, and be sent to bed supperless. Proceed, mother."

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## In the Dark.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

### CHAPTER I.

"No, to save his life I would not do it!"

"But, father, it is such a simple act, just giving him a recommendation, and I am sure he has served you faithfully for the past two years. It will cost you nothing, and it may be of incalculable benefit to him."

"Did he commission you to plead his cause after I had given him a decided refusal? Tell him from me to leave my house this instant. His father once did me a great wrong, and the moment I learned he was the son of that villain, I dismissed him from my employ, and not to save his soul would I give him a single word to help him to another place. There, go, child, and tell him what I say."

The speaker was a fine-looking man, a little past the middle age, with hair thickly sprinkled with gray, a broad, open brow, upon which the furrows were beginning to deepen, and, altogether, it was a face from which one would expect kindness rather than the reverse.

He sat in his easy chair by the open grate, his slippered feet resting upon a soft cushion, the morning paper slipping down and half covering them, his spectacles put back upon his forehead, his arms folded, and his eyes bent fixedly upon the glowing anthracite fire that diffused a summer's warmth throughout the apartment.

Gertrude Holmes stood beside her father, her sweet face touched with pity, her mild hazel

eyes full of unshed tears, and her white hand laid caressingly upon her father's shoulder, her graceful form bent till the warm breath swept across his cheek. He did not look into her face; he could not, and refuse her the slightest request, for it was all he had on earth to love—the one whose exact image it bore had been laid away beneath the withered leaves and frozen earth seventeen winters before, when Gertrude's life was still numbered by days. And then it seemed as if much of the kindness, the humanity, had gone out of the heart of Clement Holmes, for if affliction does not soften the heart of man it usually takes the opposite course.

Softly, so softly that Mr. Holmes only missed the light pressure of her hands, Gertrude stole from the apartment, and, crossing the hall, pushed open the door that led into a small reception-room, where her father usually received his business guests. The morning sunlight shone full through every pane of the long windows, revealing each feature of the young girl as she entered the room, and the heart of the young clerk fell at once. He rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"I thank you, Gertrude, for your kindness just as much as if you had been successful, which your face plainly tells me you have not. It is a keen disappointment, for the blow came suddenly, and all the business houses in the city to which I have applied refuse to receive me unless I can furnish testimonials from my former employer. They all look upon me with suspicion, and it is hard to bear. A recommendation from your father would have been worth everything to me, but I must submit.

The world is all before me; it is for mother's sake I feel it most keenly."

"I am sorry, Carrolton. If there is anything I can do, you know how happy I shall be to serve you. But I plead with papa earnestly, and it is of no use. I even thought of forging a certificate for you, for I can just imitate papa's hand to perfection, and it has saved him a vast deal of trouble sometimes, but I was afraid you would think it hardly honorable."

"No, Gertrude, I will not stoop to anything below the most strict integrity if I perish from starvation. But does it not seem to you that your father is a little unreasonable in revenging the wrongs my father inflicted upon him on the head of the truly innocent? The remembrance of my father is not pleasant, and it is seldom my mother speaks of him; but he has been sleeping in his grave these ten years, and gone to his reward or punishment. I have tried to serve your father faithfully, and believe I have done so. Nothing remains for me now but to leave the city and try my fortune elsewhere. Good-by, Gertrude, I shall not forget your kindness. I had hoped one day to be your equal in wealth and position, and then tell you all that is in my heart; but it would be ungenerous, unmanly now. God bless you, Gertrude!"

The young man raised the hand he held to his lips, and wringing it with a parting pressure that told how deep were his emotions, he turned from the apartment. He gave but one hurried glance back at the tall granite pile that stood conspicuously among its aristocratic neighbors, and it seemed to smile and frown upon him by turns as he glanced from the office to the library windows, for he felt that behind the former a warm heart was beating in pity for his sorrows. In pity? He did not dream that the beautiful Gertrude Holmes, the accomplished daughter of the wealthy merchant, could hold one spark of anything deeper for the poor book-keeper, who for two years had sat wearily behind the high desk in her father's counting-room.

But he was far above an ordinary clerk. Gertrude had felt this the first time she looked into the manly, open face, over which but eighteen years had come and gone, and every movement, every word, bespoke the true gentleman; and in the two years of pleasant though not familiar intercourse, she had grown to appreciate his noble qualities of heart and soul more and more, and behind the slender fingers that pressed themselves over her eyes

came a few very bitter tears, perhaps the most so of any she had ever known, for her life had been beset with fewer trials and crosses than usually falls to the lot of mortals.

But Carrolton Edwards's name was never spoken, and neither father nor daughter knew but it was quite forgotten.

## CHAPTER II.

"I shall not be able to sit at the table with you much longer, mother, if I continue growing weak as fast as I have for a week past." There was a touching pathos in the young girl's voice, and it was no wonder it drew tears from the mother's eyes as she glanced into the pale, thin face, and listened to the breathing so quickened by the simple effort of crossing the room to her place at the table, and that she involuntarily put her hand to her heart to still the heavy, oppressive pain that so suddenly crossed it. "I wish I had given up sooner; but you know we had just paid for the sewing machine, and I wanted so much to earn a little for ourselves and not be dependent upon poor brother always. But whatever happens, mother, do not tell him the cause. He has enough to bear without the knowledge of my imprudence, and it might have been the same had I never attempted that fatal sewing."

The mother and daughter occupied the second floor of a plain, substantial dwelling a little beyond the city limits. There was a bright fire in the open parlor stove, the kettle was singing a lively tune above it, the table was drawn near the fire and covered with a cloth of snowy whiteness, the simple repast of bread and tea, with one or two thin slices of cold meat, so neatly arranged as to make one forget how meagre it was. But the mother poured the tea with an unsteady hand, and her daughter leaned her head wearily against the high-backed chair and glanced sadly around the pleasant room. There was a light, cheerful carpet up on the floor, a few neat, inexpensive engravings in narrow gilt frames hung upon the papered walls, a table with a crimson cover loaded with books, a flower-stand with a choice variety of exotics, an old-fashioned piano and sofa, the latter wheeled towards the fire and piled with soft pillows, and beyond the half open door could be had a glimpse of the neat bed-chamber, altogether making a comfortable home for the mother and sister of Carrolton Edwards.

You would have known at once the fair young girl was his sister by the full, clear brow, dark, lustrous eyes, the open counte-

sincerity, though the one was manly and independent, the other purely feminine in its sweetness and frailty; and both were very like the mother, though the years that had barely passed their two score had dealt hardly with her, and sprinkled the dark hair here and there with threads of silver, and left little lines of care or pain upon her once clear, smooth brow, and they looked a trifle deeper than usual that evening as she glanced with sweet solicitation into the face of her child; but she saw the sorrow, the anxiety, the failing health and strength caused her, so smoothing out the small wrinkles and replacing them with a cheerful smile she had learned so well to assume, she spoke hopefully—

"Oh, don't get discouraged, daughter, a little rest is all you need. We are living very comfortably now. Another year of Carroll's salary will pay off all those debts that have been such bugbears in the way of our enjoyment, and then I am sure we shall not ask for anything to add to our happiness. We ought to be so thankful that the dear boy has such a good situation and fills it so faithfully, and that he is so near as to come home every week. To-morrow night brings him again, so you must brighten up all you can, because you know how anxious it makes him when we are sick. Besides, I thought he was not looking quite well the last time he was at home."

There was a sound of footsteps ascending the stairs. Mrs. Edwards put down her cup and listened. They came slowly along the corridor and paused at the parlor door; then all was still for a moment, and the two thought they must have been mistaken, when a low, stifled groan broke upon their ears, and the sound of retreating footsteps, and if they had been near the youthful figure that hurriedly descended the stairs, they would have heard the murmured words—"This is weak, unmanly in me, carrying home the burden to poor mother and Lou; I will bear it alone a little longer, and perhaps Heaven will open some way," and hastily brushing his hand across his eyes he sprang up the stairs with an assumed lightness and boyishness, and threw open the door into the cheerful apartment.

"Why, Carroll!" There was an eager look into his face, and he knew it must reveal a part of the suffering that was concealed behind it.

"Just in season, mother. I was not feeling quite well, so I thought I would come out a day earlier, and so take two days to rest. Why,

sis, how pale you are looking. What makes her grow so thin and shadowy, mother? She ought to have change of air and scene."

The young man clasped his hands upon the thin cheeks, and, bending her head back, imprinted kiss after kiss upon the fair brow. The young girl put up her hands with a laugh that was quite gleeful—

"Don't be quite so demonstrative, brother, unless you give me a chance to return some of your caresses. You will not spare any for mother, either."

"No fear of that. But what is this? Wheeler & Wilson's? Where upon earth did this come from? And a pile of unfinished shirts! How long have you been doing this work, mother? And is this what is killing Louise? Oh, how could you?"

"Oh, you naughty boy, you came upon us unawares and learned our secret. But you must not blame us. It was so hard to see you toil without the least help. I could not bear that Louise should leave me to teach, or enter upon any employment that would take her from me constantly, so we hired the machine till we earned enough to pay for it; but Lou's health would not admit of her working constantly. I have tried to accomplish a trifle; every little helps, you know."

"I am sorry, mother, very sorry. I know how heartily Lou enters into anything she undertakes, and I dare say she has worked night and day till she has brought on a sickness that it will take weeks to overcome. I appreciate your kindness, but I wish you had not done it."

Mrs. Edwards brought a plate and cup for her son, and he sat down in his accustomed place, and tried to talk cheerfully while he made a feint of eating, but he felt his mother's eyes were watching him narrowly. A mother's perceptions are always keen to discover a child's sorrows, be they ever so deeply hidden from another's eyes, and she knew there was something her son was trying to conceal. He walked restlessly up and down the room; he struck a few plaintive, mournful chords upon the piano; he read aloud to his sister without knowing a word he was repeating, and at last kissed her, and left her as he thought asleep.

Mrs. Edwards sat by the table, sewing, and Carrollton threw himself at her feet and laid his head in her lap, while she smoothed the soft, brown curls that Louise had so often twined around her fingers and called so beautiful; and thinking how soon her slender fingers might be folded above her pulseless

breast, there fell a little sad silence between the two. The small clock upon the mantel ticked loudly; the coal crackled and sparkled cheerily, and at last the youth raised his eyes thoughtfully to his mother's face.

"Do you know, mother, the nature of the wrong my father once did Mr. Holmes?"

"Your father, Carrol? I never knew that he did aught against him. Why do you ask?"

"Because, mother, the iniquity of the father is visited upon the children in this instance through human agency. By some means Mr. Holmes became informed that I was the son of a man, by whom, years ago, he was deeply injured. He came into the counting-room, one afternoon, near two weeks ago, in a perfect rage, and approaching the desk threw down the amount due me on my last month's wages, and at once dismissed me from his employ. His only reply to my astonished question was, that he would now have his revenge. He had waited for it fifteen years, and now that he could not take it upon the father, he would upon the son. Of course my only alternative was to leave. I thought to find no trouble in securing another situation, but I was known to many of the business houses as the bookkeeper at Mr. Holmes's, and leaving so suddenly, I was regarded with suspicion, and required wherever I went to bring testimonials from my former employer. Humiliating as it was, I at last went to Mr. Holmes and begged him to give me a recommendation for honesty and faithfulness, which I felt I deserved. He would not listen to me, but left the room the moment he had given me the decided refusal. I should have gone from his house at once, had not his daughter begged me to remain, while she went to intercede with her father. She was as unsuccessful as I had been, but her sweet pity and kindness touched my heart, and repaid me for waiting the humiliation of a second refusal. I have searched the city through for employment, in vain, and what we are to do, I do not know. I shall be obliged to leave you at once. I have kept it hidden from you two weeks, but I could not any longer, for it is wearing my life out. But we must not let Louise know it."

The young man paused; his whole frame shook with emotion, and he pressed his mother's hands closely upon his brow. Mrs. Edwards did not answer; it was so sudden, she could not trust her voice to speak, and she turned away her head to hide her sorrow.

Just then the door into the small bed chamber, that had been standing ajar, was pushed

suddenly open, and Louise, with pale face and streaming eyes, crossed the room, and throwing her arms about her brother's neck, whispered, hoarsely—

"I was not asleep, brother, and heard every word you said; but do not feel so bad, darling, it will all come out right in the end."

She had given her sweet sympathy and comfort, but in her enfeebled state of body and mind, the cruel disappointment was more than she could bear, and all through the long night one fainting fit succeeded another in rapid succession, and when morning dawned, she was unable to raise her head from her pillow; and Carrolton was in a high fever, moaning and tossing in unconscious suffering. Mrs. Edwards forgot her own weakness in anxiety for her children, and though the burden was great, she had strength given her to bear it. For weeks the struggle between life and death went on; the senseless moanings of the poor youth telling the whole tale of disappointment and anxiety, till at last, his strong constitution triumphed over disease, and he slowly began to recover. But as the current of life began to move in healthier channels through the young man's veins, it was swiftly, silently ebbing out from the slender, emaciated frame of his sister, and just at the sunset hour of a mild April evening the spirit of Louise Edwards peacefully took its flight, leaving only the beautiful clay to the two desolate mourners in the little household.

It was a heavy stroke to the fond brother, and it found him almost unprepared to bear it. His sister had been his pride, and he indulged no hopes or aspirations that were not intimately connected with her happiness and welfare, and his constant ambition had been to raise her to that sphere in life in which he fondly believed she was fitted to shine. God had raised her to a higher, holier sphere, than any the fond brother could have done, but the eye of faith was dim.

#### CHAPTER III.

Gertrude was riding out upon the still, country road that April afternoon. There was a mild fragrance loitering upon the air, that told of springing flowers and opening buds, and all along the roadside and under the shadow of the high fences there were broad patches of green grass and occasional tufts of violets and cowslips, that gave promise of speedy blossoming. The birches were hanging their fringed tassels high among the boughs; the willows were putting forth their soft, fur-like buds,

and Gertrude noticed all these fresh objects, for the drive was a quiet one, and the elegant carriage rolled along with only an occasional market-man jogging leisurely to town to admire its costly appointments. The driver had become infected by the sleepy atmosphere and dropped asleep at his post, leaving the horses to guide themselves back to the city, and Gertrude was aroused from a quiet reverie by a sharp collision and a sudden dropping of the carriage, which precipitated her violently upon the front seat. The accident was slight, but the driver was obliged to return to the city for repairs before it was deemed expedient for her to attempt returning home. She looked around upon the neat houses scattered up and down the roadside, and her eyes lingered longest upon a plain two story brick, with a wide veranda running around the sides, a narrow yard with a neat gravelled walk; nothing particularly attractive in any way, but a quiet home-like air about it, and beckoning the driver on, Gertrude passed up the walk, and rang the bell. The door was opened by a mild looking elderly lady, who received Gertrude with the greatest kindness, and ushered her into the small, neat parlor, moved the easiest chair into the most comfortable spot, and resumed her sewing, while she went about the pleasant task of entertaining her young guest.

It was not a difficult one, for Gertrude was always genial and open-hearted, interested in every one's welfare, and she soon learned her kind hostess was a widow, owning only the neat house and lot, and supporting herself by the income of her little garden, and the rent of the second floor of her house.

"Do you succeed in finding pleasant tenants?" queried Gertrude, more for the sake of sustaining the conversation than any real interest.

"Very, indeed," was the hearty reply. "But they are now in the deepest affliction. There were only three: mother, son and daughter: the son, just past his twentieth year, was a clerk in the city, and supported his mother very comfortably, besides laying by a little sum towards cancelling an old debt. He worked hard, but always seemed happy and cheerful. and his mother made of their home a perfect paradise. His sister's health, always delicate, had for a long time been failing, but there were hopes of her recovery, till a heavy disappointment came upon them crushing her to the earth.

"The gentleman who had employed the young

man, had once received an injury at his father's hands, and in order to be revenged, he dismissed the youth, and steadfastly refused him a certificate for honesty and integrity. He searched two weeks for employment before he told his mother, but the burden became greater than he could bear alone, so while he thought his sister quietly sleeping he unburdened his heart to her, and his sister heard the whole. In her enfeebled state of body and mind it laid her prostrate, and she has failed rapidly since, and last night she died. She was a sweet girl, nearly your age, and it has well nigh broken her brother's heart.

"He has been ill; so ill he has hardly left his bed for six weeks; and oh, it must have touched his employer's heart, could he have heard him moaning in delirium and imploring him not to turn him away, for his mother and sister were starving, and no one would give him anything to do to buy them bread."

"But he is better now," gasped Gertrude, her face white with suppressed emotion. "Can I go up and see them? I would like to offer what little consolation I can."

"It would be such a comfort if you would; they have very few acquaintances, and it seems so desolate."

Gertrude hardly knew how she ascended the stairs or dragged her weak limbs along the upper hall, and for a moment she could not discern an object in the dimly lighted room; but as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she caught a glimpse of a small, open coffin that stood in the centre of the room, and over it was bending the thin, slight figure of Carrolton Edwards. His head was supported by one hand; his eyes were fixed upon the beautiful face of his sister with a gaze that seemed intent enough to bring back an answering look from the sealed orbs, if such a thing were possible, and his pale, quivering lips moaned out in broken sentences, "Oh, my sister, my sweet angel sister, how can I live without you?"

"Carrolton!" Gertrude had moved to the young man's side with tears of tender pity raining down her cheeks, laid her small gloved hand upon his shoulder, and looked down with him upon the still young face. She did not wonder then that he mourned.

"Gertrude!" He raised his eyes to her face with a look of wonder.

"I would have given my life to have saved you this sorrow, Carrolton; and now I feel as if a part of the cause rests with me; and the young girl shuddered as she looked upon the

living face, it was so like the one silent and cold beneath it.

"No, no, Gertrude; you did all you could. You have been my friend always, and I could not tell you one half the love my heart holds for you, and how it will cling to you now more closely than ever, that the only one beside my mother is gone. *You* are weeping for her; bless you!" Carrolton had let his eyes wander over the fair young face, and saw how it expressed tender sympathy, as it rested upon the lovely face of the dead.

"Oh, she is so much better off, Carrol!—in that land where there are no more tears. I know she was good; for that smile speaks of angels. I wish I could say something to console you, but I do not know how. God can comfort you better than I."

And then she went to the bereaved mother, and putting her hand in hers, told her who she was, and how her heart ached for all her sorrows. There were not many words spoken, but a little light had broken in upon the darkness, and a little less heavily the burden pressed upon their hearts.

"Do not suffer the least anxiety with regard to the future, Mrs. Edwards," whispered Gertrude, as she clasped her hand at parting. "All this, as your dear daughter told you, shall work together for your good."

And just as the shadows of evening began to gather, Gertrude went out from the house of mourning, and it seemed as if a year had been added to her life, so full of sorrow and regret had the last hour been. She did not spring from the carriage with her accustomed lightness, and her step was slow and her face still sad as she entered the library, where a soft mellow light was tinging up everything with a cheery glow. She pushed back her bonnet, and put her arms about her father's neck.

It is useless to repeat the sad story which, with all the impulses of her enthusiastic nature warmly alive, she poured into her father's ear, or the gentle entreaty with which she begged him to retract his hasty decision, and receive Carrolton Edwards in his old place. And before he had time to reply, she went out and left him alone. He would have had her remain, for his reflections were not pleasant.

He moved uneasily in his seat; he plunged the poker between the bars of the grate; he tore the evening paper into small strips, and held them in the flames till they were nearly consumed. "I have been a wretch—that is just what I have; I ought to be ashamed of

myself, and I am; I cannot undo the past; would God I could. Strange the girl need die. I will have Carrol back at once. Nothing has gone right since he went away. He was the most faithful fellow I ever saw, and though I once lost five thousand dollars by his father, the boy was not to blame. I will take him right into my house, and if his mother is the lady I think she must be, from having such a son, she shall have a home here as long as she lives. Then perhaps the boy will take a fancy to my little Gertrude, and so we will all live together to make a happy family." And Mr. Holmes rubbed his hands in evident satisfaction; for after all, his heart was in the right place, though his mind was easily blinded by passion, and he suffered his temper to take the lead of his better judgment.

"I have been all in the dark. I have not felt happy with this hateful spirit of revenge in me, and now see what an amount of misery it has occasioned. Why cannot people learn to overlook these little injuries and not keep on fostering the hard, revengeful feelings, and thirsting for an opportunity for vengeance. Well, well; I guess it has learned me a lesson!" There was a feeling of remorse tugging at Mr. Holmes's heart; but after all, he was a happy man that evening, and he kept on growing more and more so each day, as he tried to cultivate a spirit of meek forgiveness and kindness of heart towards every one of the human family, and learned to realize he was not an especial target for Providence to aim its adverse blows upon, but that he had far more than he deserved.

And so light sprang up through the darkness, not only in the heart of Mr. Holmes, but in the lives of Mrs. Edwards and her faithful son.

## Long Life.

Long life is one of God's gifts to us, and a precious one it is, if we can preserve our health and faculties down to old age. There are some boys and girls I never expect to see grow up to a happy old age. And foremost among them are those who are careless and reckless with regard to their health—who are intemperate in their habits of eating and drinking. A boy who poisons his system with tobacco, and the girl who disregards her mother's counsels by wearing thin shoes and improper clothing in cold weather, are quite sure not to belong to this class.

Those who give way to frequent bursts of passionate temper very rarely live to old age. If they are exceptions to the general rule, they are so unlovely and unloved, that life is but a burden to themselves and all about them. It is found that the Society of Friends in England are the longest lived of any class in the community, which speaks much for their gentle, orderly manners and habits of life. Indeed a violent outbreak of temper pulls down the system almost like a fever. "I never got real angry," said a most placid old lady to me, "without being really sick afterwards."

If you wish to live long, be temperate in mind and body. Be prudent with regard to your health. Rise early. All long-lived people, without exception I think, have been noted for this. Take an abundance of vigorous exercise in the open air, in all sorts of weather, taking care that the person is suitably protected. Be usefully employed through all your waking hours, and take pains to cultivate a cheerful, affectionate disposition, which will make your own life blessed and endear your society to all your associates. Do not forget the first commandment with promise, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ungrateful, disobedient children are often cut off in a most marked and untimely manner. Oh, remember this when you are tempted to disobey their kind commands.

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## Out of Nothing.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

#### CHAPTER I.

"'Out of nothing!' Absurd! How can Emily Page say anything so ridiculous. I'm sure Milton McGowen, who is acquainted with Owen's employer, ought to know, and I remember his saying the night we were at Glover's, that Owen Fiske had the assistance of his own and his wife's relatives. 'Out of nothing!' How very absurd!"

"My dear," said gentle Mrs. Mayer, as she looked up complacently from her needlework, "perhaps Mr. McGowen spoke disparagingly of Owen Fiske. You know they were rather distant at one time; Mr. McGowen was positively outspoken in his hatred of Mr. Fiske, you may remember."

"And it is precisely on that account, Maria, that Mr. McGowen should hold his tongue when Fiske is the subject of conversation," added her brother, Mr. Robert Mayer, a handsome gentleman of eight-and-twenty, who had succeeded in winning the respect and esteem of a very large circle of acquaintance, and whose judgment was sought and accepted by old and young. "A moment's thought would convince him that his opinion of a man whom he professed to regard as an enemy could not be admitted as impartial; on the contrary, everybody would naturally incline to the belief that, however he might endeavor to guard against it, his judgment of Fiske would be more

or less prejudicial. When a man quarrels with another, he should say nothing whatever about the man he has quarrelled with."

"Oh, that matter has been forgotten entirely. I doubt if McGowen ever gives it a thought," responded Miss Mayer, in crisp tones; "besides, unless the world is very much mistaken, Mr. McGowen lost nothing when Mary Renofen accepted his rival."

"You are now speaking from a worldly stand-point," said Miss Crayton, a cousin of the Mayers, who resided with them, not because she lacked means of her own, but because Mrs. Mayer desired her presence and assistance in matters totally foreign to her daughter's tastes and inclinations. Miss Mayer, strictly speaking, was a girl of more than ordinary ability, naturally acute in her perceptions, actuated by honest feelings; but too much given to the study of fashion plates, and often relying upon the eye-sight and conclusions of those who, for the time, occupied the first place on her list of friends. She was often heard saying, "I was wrong in that; I ought to have relied on my own judgment; but I acted solely upon the expressed convictions of others." Yet she never detected herself until it was too late to withdraw from a false position; the consequence was, that people who should have known better said of her, "Maria Mayer is uneven, fickle."

No! But once committed, she had the genuine bravery to assume a share of blame properly attaching to herself, while defending those whose false light often led her astray in her appreciation of people and actions.

"Perhaps," responded Miss Mayer, as she

approached the mantel-piece and placing her hand upon it rested her head there a moment. She continued the next moment, "But the world must be pretty near right, after all, Clara; the majority, in this country at least, never admit themselves in the wrong, and accordingly exact implicit obedience from the minority. 'What every one says must be true,' generally speaking, and that is just why I am put out with people asserting that to be so which we are told by others—the majority of witnesses, you understand—is simply untrue."

"Come, come now, Maria, don't be so severe on me!" broke in Mr. Robert Mayer, with a laugh. "Give me a hearing at least, before you sentence me. I appeal to you, mother, and to you, Seaforth, and to you, cousin," glancing towards Miss Crayton, who smiled back gayly, "if Maria has advanced a tittle of proof in support of her charge. Not a jot! I said Owen Fiske made himself what he is out of nothing; that is, he had neither position, friends, or money, and he made for himself a very enviable position *out of nothing*. Now, I happen to know quite as much of Owen Fiske's history as any of his present acquaintances can pretend to know, not excepting Mr. McGowan, and I reiterate my former assertion; there's the gauntlet, Maria, get whom you will to play the chevalier. I fancy it won't be Seaforth, there, or I'm vastly mistaken."

Mr. Seaforth gallantly inclined his elegant head to Miss Mayer, as he replied, half defiantly, "What must I do if I buckle on the armor for you?"

"Wage war against all pretenders," rejoined the lady, quickly.

"First catch your rat; who may the great pretender be?" laughingly inquired her brother. "Surely not Owen?"

"I may wrong him; but I mean Owen Fiske and no one else," rejoined the sister.

"Well," said Mr. Seaforth in his musical voice, "I have heard so much about Mr. Fiske, that I confess to more than a common interest in his history. I would like to hear it, by all means; but," waiving aside Mr. Mayer, playfully, "not from you, if you please. I must be sure that it is wholly impartial; therefore, I suggest that Mrs. Mayer gives us the benefit of her memory; without a doubt she will be faithful to the truth."

"Oh, my mother is a thousand degrees removed from either partiality or prejudice," exclaimed Mr. Mayer, gleefully, "I accept the terms."

"Very well," said Mrs. Mayer, as the party

unconsciously drew closer together, "the facts will be very plain, and easily told. Owen was born and bred here in A——. His people were what you might term poor; certainly they were not blessed with a surplus of this world's goods; they even were not *middling* well off, and yet they were all industrious, hard working people, whose ideas of life differed very materially from those entertained by Maria, there, and some of her companions. The Fiskes, for instance, had no acquaintance with the arts, except the art of sustaining an honest reputation (in which, by the by, they excelled); no knowledge of the many accomplishments which society demands of a member, unless he or she happens to be endowed with an overplus of the filthy lucre, in which case we must admit even the most fastidious at times lower their standard of merit; and no acquaintance with the rules we permit ourselves to be governed by in speaking of etiquette. On the contrary, poor Owen, the youngest, had so little reverence for the laws of refinement, that, when excited by a circumstance regarded as trivial by another, but which galled him to the quick, he, a spirited boy of fourteen, turned full upon a girl about his own age with the words, 'you are a little liar, and I detest you.'"

"He should have said that he had sufficient grounds to believe, until proof was adduced to the contrary, that the damsel labored under a mistake," interrupted Mr. Mayer, with a mischievous smile.

Mrs. Mayer pursued: "Owen was set to work at the age of eleven, a common place boy, with an inclination to make and retain friends. Old Mr. Fiske was a strict disciplinarian. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' was his favorite quotation, so you may be sure his children stood in awe of the parent's majesty, for his will was inflexible. He tried to inculcate correct ideas of religion, too; but having imbibed the austere views of a peculiar religious sect from the very cradle, it somehow came to pass that he failed to secure the hearty belief, the genuine faith of his children in his own exacting creed. Some of them, upon arriving at their majority, resolutely refused to accompany their father to church, and two of the sons fell into bad ways; they caroused, idled about, and lived off the rest of the family. The father, patiently hoping for signs of improvement, while reasoning and exhorting with them upon the evil they were bringing upon themselves and the remainder of the family, always took good care to welcome them

to a home as long as he had power to exert his strength in his own and their behalf; and this, perhaps, was Mr. Fiske's greatest fault, or rather error, for the vagabonds in time reduced the family to the very verge of nakedness and want. Owen, at the age of eighteen, although performing daily a man's work, reaped a child's reward. I think he never had so much as a dollar he could call his own, owing to the 'joint stock' arrangement which prevailed in the family, under the dictation of the head of the house, who would not be thwarted in his method of reclaiming the sons who had adopted idleness as a profession.

"When Owen was turning his nineteenth year, a deep disgrace was averted from the family through his sagacity and self-denying spirit. Augustus, the second son, in a drunken frolic appropriated a fine gold watch belonging to an energetic mechanic who boarded in a house adjacent to that occupied by the Fiskes. Suspicion fell on him at once, and he promptly admitted that he had worn the watch during the morning of the day upon which the watch was missed; but farther than that he refused any explanation. It came out, however, that he lost the watch in the river by the merest accident; it was gone beyond recovery, and for the first time a Fiske was liable for the punishment which follows theft. Here it was that young Owen, whether induced by his father or not no one can say, came forward with a suggestion. Taking it for granted that his brother had only been detected in a practical joke, but one which, while placing him in the power of the law, occasioned the loss of a hundred dollars to an innocent stranger, Owen proceeded to offer as much of his time to that stranger as would make up for the loss sustained, or, bind himself to pay, in small payments, the total amount as rapidly as he could earn it. The stranger accepted his first offer, and Owen gave six months of his life for his brother's frolic. That was something I always admired in Owen. And a happy thought it was, for not only did the culprit take heart and resume his work and his old habits, but the other idler and drunkard, stimulated by Augustus's example, also gave up his idle ways, and once more the Fiskes were enabled to live with a degree of comfort reminding them of their happiest days.

"But the terrible scourge came amongst us—every house mourned its lost, and when people found time to reckon those who were spared, just three of the Fiskes were left, Owen and his parents. All the rest, seven, died in

one week. Old Mrs. Fiske was simple-minded, and old Mr. Fiske was totally unfitted for farther strife with the great world. Nobody then saw anything in Owen. He seemed to be the same patient, harmless, steady boy as of old. But ere a year elapsed, it became a standing joke that Owen was 'reading' law. Working all day at his trade, and very often on into the night, ever pushed on by the terrible truth that now he alone must support his parents, still the young man found time to read his books at night. Some he borrowed, some—they were old and torn—he bought for the merest trifle, and stinting himself of clothes, dreaming of the future, he plodded on, year in and year out, until he was twenty-three. But during those years a marvellous change came over Owen Fiske. He became grave and thoughtful, scarcely stopping to nod to young men of his own age, but always ready and eager to listen to the middle-aged and old, and ever prompt with his head and hand to assist those who were entering the evening of life. Scrupulously clean, yet always poorly clad, he was universally remarked, but now seldom laughed at; for with his close reading and hard thinking came intelligence, and intelligence is never laughed at. His face, his head, his very attitude expressed thought, and impressed the beholder. I remember laughing very heartily at a tinner, T—— B——, who, in speaking of Owen, and the great change which had come over him, averred that he 'had seen plenty of congressmen, but Owen Fiske had the *congrassest* head he ever saw in his life.'

"I don't know whether I am correct or not, but think I am not far astray, when I say that Owen Fiske's life will compare very favorably with that great Governor's life, whose name is a household word, and a terror to the Rebels—I mean Governor Andrew Johnston, of Tennessee. Governor Johnston had a wife to teach him—Owen taught himself. And one day we were all surprised—agreeably, I may add—for Owen has a host of friends, and but few enemies. I say we were surprised by Mr. Ash, the foremost lawyer in the city, who went to the young student, ordered him to throw down his apron and enter his office. Something the young man had written in reply to a common assertion made by the papers of that day concerning a much-vexed question commanded Mr. Ash's instant admiration, and straightway the threadbare mechanic assumed the robes supposed to be worn by the law-givers and law-expounders of the land.

"I am aware that this sounds almost too

romantic to be exactly true, yet I suppose that is exactly why I delight to dwell upon this part of Owen's history; such things are so very rare. That a young man in one little month should step out of the monotonous groove daily walked in by hard-handed mechanics, and into a profession usually supposed to require not only a fair share of brains, but brains well cultivated—it took our breath quite away, I can tell you. You see there always are so many idlers just ready to begin their 'practice' at the bar, or over the sick bed; so many well-cared-for, well-dressed, well-praised young men, too, that we were all quite excusable in declaring ourselves surprised, if not shocked, when the story was noised about, for no less a personage than Harry Howard, old Judge Howard's son, worth his two hundred thousand, they said, and college-bred, was thrust aside contemptuously by Mr. Ash, when he took Owen Fiske into his office to assist him. So he said to those who expressed unqualified surprise.

"Then came Owen's great trial. Mr. Ash's friend received numerous invitations to dine out and sup out. All sorts of invitations, in short; and Mr. Fiske as a matter of course, accepted some invitations. Then the gentlemen 'drew him out' over their cards and champagne; and the ladies, the sweet butterflies of fashion, 'drew him out.' But, my dears, they all scampered away from him soon enough. Intelligence *won't* be laughed at, as I said awhile ago, and Owen Fiske possessed not only extraordinary intelligence for one of his years, but a very respectable, I might add, a towering stock of information. He seemed to know everything. And where he knew nothing, he honestly acknowledged his ignorance, and immediately sought information. But he could talk with Dr. M——, who spent five years in the Holy Land; exchanged views with Miss E——, who is a great authority in astronomy; argued ably with Professor G——, and at once took his place as one of the most desirable conversationists in A——. All this, as I understood from him later, was acquired in reading. He confessed that he had literally 'devoured' everything in the shape of books that came in his way.

"We have a genius here, in the musical world, Mr. Seaforth; doubtless you have heard of her—Miss Renofen that was—now Mrs. Fiske. Mary Renofen was an acknowledged beauty—quite the toast; and along comes the rising lawyer, and wins her—how, I cannot take time to tell you; but fairly, and honorably,

and openly. No one can gainsay that. Mary Renofen had her hosts of avowed lovers, as other beauties have had before her; but the most prominent, perhaps, was Mr. McGowan, our young man with great expectations, and present enviable possessions. Rumor arranged everything. They were to be married—well, I have forgotten the exact date; but, once married, a tour through Europe and a palace somewhere in the West, was spoken of. And rumor never angered the young man with great expectations. He never denied or assented; but he had a self-satisfied smile, that led gossips irresistibly to but one conclusion. Then Owen Fiske came on the field, and although Mr. Renofen was held to be a great stickler for position, and testified by word and deed his reverence for 'blood' and 'old names,' somehow, a few—they say, a *very* few words from Lawyer Ash, made him extend his *whole* hand to the young lawyer, forgetting how often that young lawyer had obeyed his orders when he wore the apron and measured the heads of those who honored him with their preference.

"It was a desperate—a protracted contest. In the end, however, Mr. McGowan, the last of her avowed admirers, was compelled to retire in dismay, and Mary Renofen became Mrs. Fiske, and all in one short year. Mr. Ash, it seems, had not only allowed Mr. Fiske a liberal salary, but, not satisfied with that, had made him his partner. His affection for the young man is something entirely out of the common course of things. There is the 'veritable' history, Mr. Seaforth. The subject lives in that fine brick you passed on your way here, with the orange-tree in one of the windows, and the handsome garden in the rear and around the lower side of the house. When Maria spoke of Mr. Fiske's employer, Mr. Ash was understood. I incline to the belief that he is more of the father and friend, and most assuredly in the eyes of the world, his *partner*."

"How old is this prodigy?" inquired Mr. Seaforth, earnestly, when Mrs. Mayer concluded, forgetting for the time his part.

"Fie, fie, sir! Do you desert me, too?" pouted Miss Mayer, as she fixed her lustrous eyes upon him.

"I humbly beg your pardon. I am recreant; but I am very much interested at the same time. I am wondering what sort of a fellow he is who distances Howard; McGowan I know nothing about. He must be enviable. Do you know, Mrs. Mayer, Harry Howard

stood at the head of his class in Harvard?—the finest fellow I ever knew.”

Mrs. Mayer smiled. “We have a finer fellow here, I think.”

“So it appears. I must see this Fiske.”

“You can hear him in a few days. He is retained by a Bridge Company here, a very peculiar case, and one everybody regards as hopeless on the Company’s side. The Company were notified to raise the bridge. They refused flatly, arguing that it in nowise interfered with the navigation of the river. An injunction was served against them. They still refused to obey the order, and the double question comes up in a day or two before the U. S. Court. Of course you will be on hand, to hear Fiske.”

“And you can make his acquaintance to-morrow night, at Page’s. Emily Page is a warm friend of Mrs. Fiske’s,” added Mrs. Mayer.

“By the by,” said Mr. Seaforth, abruptly, “what is young Page about?”

No one answered the question. Mrs. Mayer was intent upon her work; Maria sat down to the piano, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys, humming a tune, while Miss Crayton took up a book, and Robert Mayer shrugged his shoulders unconsciously. Mr. Seaforth suddenly bethought himself of a new song, and approached the piano, complimenting Miss Mayer’s execution of a gem from “Il Trovatore;” but no allusion was made that evening again to young Mr. Page.

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“You inquired what young Page was doing, last night,” said Mr. Mayer to his guest on the following day. “Drinking whisky, and going to the devil.”

Mr. Seaforth halted in his promenade, and looking out upon the lawn, said, more to himself than in reply to Mr. Mayer—“Another good ship wrecked.” Then, after a long pause—“No wonder no one found courage to answer me last night. Oh! the incarnate mischief we hug to ourselves night, noon and morning! My old friend Frank, the life of his set, the promise of his class, the soul of his honor, the hope and mainstay of his mother—Frank the witty, the gay, dashing, free hearted wrecked, too?—why, it is scarcely two years since he was the pride of A——!”

“Nevertheless,” responded Mr. Mayer, gloomily, “he is almost past redemption now. I say, Seaforth,” abruptly, “don’t you think Page might have been saved, had he been placed, say in Fiske’s situation? Here

he came among us full of promise, fresh from the venerated halls, buoyant with life and hope, just hesitating which profession should receive the honor of his acceptance, dallies one year, and is rejected by decent society the next. Pampered in wealth, possessing a proud name, perfectly confident that he was born to a high position—see what his opportunities brought him! We are all a little the better of hard work.”

“Yes,” replied his companion, musingly, “I have often thought the same thing. And so you say poor Frank is past redemption?”

“He has had the delirium tremens several times. In fact, you would regret meeting him. You see, there are some cases that in spite of ourselves, we feel to be hopeless.”

“Here, my cavaliers, do you forget that you promised to accompany me this morning?” broke in the merry voice of Miss Crayton as she stepped out upon the veranda. “You gentlemen must stray off to discuss the war. Now I’ll be bound one of you finds fault with, while the other supports the President.”

“Pray, where may we find *you*?” inquired Mr. Seaforth.

“I, O I am at present bent on testifying my approval of the great proclamation. You know actions speak louder than words. Come with me, you idlers, and help me supply the wants of those contrabands who came in last night. Mrs. Mayer has everything ready; we merely act as almoners.”

The gentlemen gallantly bowed instant attendance.

## CHAPTER II.

The hot sun had baked the clay on the upper end of the levee as hard as a tile; the boxes, barrels and bales of miscellaneous goods were as hot to the touch as the sunburnt clay. Not a shelter in view, not even so much as the wing of a fly; and the sunbeams flung back from the river made the walk between the labyrinth of barrels and boxes stretching far away on the right, and the very edge of the river, a penance to the veteran stevedores; but stifling as it was, down along that narrow walk, brushing their fans vigorously and perspiring profusely, came Miss Crayton and her attendants, Mr. Mayer and Mr. Seaforth. Down to an immense pile of salt-barrels, where a dusky group of contrabands were roasting in the sun—old men and women, middle aged men and women, and children of both sexes, a motley group, half clad, unfed, and utterly

miserable in appearance and feeling. Following Miss Crayton and her companions came a hand-cart filled with provisions and clothes. This, owing to the obstructions along the levee, had to stop a distance from the group of broiling contrabands.

"These people must be removed, Mr. Mayer," said Miss Crayton, looking over the wearied and dispirited blacks.

"By all means," replied Mr. Seaforth, with an attempt at cheerfulness; then addressing a stalwart man who stood up beside him, "follow us a short distance, and we will try to find a shade; this heat is intolerable, and we have something here that this lady brings for you well worth the trouble." Then to the right about, and Miss Crayton and her attendants sought a place to distribute the good cheer, which aroused even the dullest of the blacks into a glow of anticipation. "See!" exclaimed Mr. Seaforth, "if we can make our way to that long shed, doubtless we will find a suitable spot;" and thitherward they made their way.

One of the blacks, the man Mr. Seaforth had addressed, sprang from barrel to barrel and from box to box gayly, with an infectious laugh, as he led the way. Suddenly he stopped; something arrested his attention. When Mr. Mayer came up to him, the black's eyes were dilated with horror, his limbs trembling. There was something terrible down there then Mr. Mayer felt, and urged on by a feeling he never defined even to himself afterwards, he approached the man and gazed down over his shoulder. As he did so, his face blanched a dead white, for there lay the corpse of Frank Page, prone upon his back, his glazed eyeballs staring stonily upwards. Still he had the presence of mind to turn around towards Mr. Seaforth and Miss Crayton, saying—"You had best pass on the left of those boxes; go and pick the way for them, my good fellow," he added to the terror-stricken black beside him.

The moment the party were well under the shed, Mr. Mayer whispered a few words to Mr. Seaforth, who immediately accompanied Mr. Mayer to the spot where the corpse lay. When they returned to the shed, Miss Crayton observed—

"There is something amiss—are you not going to tell me?"

The gentlemen looked at each other, but neither ventured to reply.

"Come, what is it?—nothing you should keep from me? Stay, I shall go myself."

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Mr. Seaforth, then paused abruptly.

"Then I shant trouble you, if it is something I should not see; but pray let us distribute this food, I am sure these poor people are very hungry."

Ever thoughtful Miss Crayton! The poor people *were* hungry, many of them starving. So the food and clothing was distributed, preparations made to remove the blacks to a vacant building, and cheerful words uttered. All this occupied some twenty minutes, and then Mr. Mayer hurried Miss Crayton home in company with Mr. Seaforth, while he hastened after an uncle of Frank Page's, at the same time despatching a messenger for the coroner.

We will pass over the interval in which the facts were brought out establishing the nature of the death of Frank Page—facts which electrified and horrified everybody in the large city of A——.

Late in the evening, the party of five were again assembled in Mrs. Mayer's drawing-room. Mrs. Mayer had passed a portion of the day with Mrs. Page; Mr. Mayer had made all necessary arrangements for the funeral; and now they were gathered together again with thoughts far different from those that occupied their minds on the previous night. There was a sombre silence, unbroken save now and then by a very brief remark in a low tone. At length Mr. Seaforth, turning to Mrs. Mayer, slowly said—

"This is a world of coincidences, Mrs. Mayer; you relate a glowing story eulogizing Mr. Fiske, at the same time, according to the testimony of three witnesses, one of the most promising young men in the city, exactly of the same age, dies a drunkard's death almost in view of his mother's house, totally uncared for. Poverty in one instance proves a blessing; affluence in another a curse; and the train of thought suggested by the different cases inevitably leads us to the conclusion that truth is stranger than fiction. We might reason backwards, and say that, with all his glorious opportunities, poor Page was made a drunkard out of nothing. He had no natural taste for the poison; did not inherit it; was not compelled to indulge in strong drink by any force of circumstances. We know that many employments creates a thirst for stimulants; but Page never had any experience of that sort. We know, too, how frequently the poison is first tasted at home; but it was not so in this case. It seems to me as if some evil influence had said, Let us see if we can't *make* a drunkard

out of nothing, with nothing to work on. I do not know that I have ever been so completely *shocked* in my life; I can scarcely realize the truth; I have said to myself a score of times to-day, How like a bad dream."

"His ways are wonderful," at length replied Mrs. Mayer, solemnly; "terrible as it may seem to us, yet much good may be effected by this awful death. I have no doubt thousands this night are contrasting two lives in the same manner and mood you contrasted those two; and perhaps the parents of many who now incline to evil courses will exert their authority and influence ere it is too late."

"I have heard," said Miss Crayton, in a low tone, "that no one ever warned Mr. Page until the passion for drink overmastered him; do you think it can be true, Robert?"

"I think it very likely. No one ever supposed it necessary in his case," replied Mr. Mayer, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Mayer, "every one appeared to think he of all persons required no safeguard. Had any one warned him in time, as many assuredly had it in their power to do so, in all likelihood he would have halted in his course, and been spared to the world to live the life of a noble, clever man. Young men, who never know a sober moment in three months' time, are hardly responsible agents. Long ago Frank should have been placed in an asylum."

"You mean for the cure of—" began Miss Crayton.

"I mean for the cure or *prevention* of drunkenness," responded Mrs. Mayer. "Who knows? perhaps even confinement in any prison would have prevented his awful end."

"True," remarked Mr. Seaforth, "there are cases which require desperate treatment. And in this case I think Mr. Page's friends would have been excusable had they adopted even harsh means ere they gave him up finally. And I can't help thinking it is a lesson to *all* of us. We have all manner of associations, companies, and what not, for the prevention of fire and flood; always warn each other of suspected danger; why, even my neighbor's chimney cannot smoke too freely but I rush to him with my suspicions; and here a human life is wrecked and lost, utterly *lost* in the fullest sense of the word, and no one dares breathe a word. I am continually reminded of the polite gentleman who excused himself from saving the life of a man who was drowning right before his eyes by saying, 'I never had so much as an introduction to him.'"

At which there was a broad smile, the first smile that lit up the fireside party that evening, and then the subject was dropped.

Mr. Seaforth found a few hours at his disposal when the famous Bridge case came up, and, together with Mrs. Mayer, her son Robert, and Miss Crayton, attended the trial. It was a peculiar case, and attracted very great attention. Many were of the opinion that the Bridge Company would be cast. Mr. Ash was unable to get out of his bed, the case was wholly in the hands of Owen Fiske, and the pressure against the Company tremendous. One old gentleman ventured to stake "a thousand dollars against ten that that young *chil*," alluding to the young lawyer, "would make a fine mess of it." The prosecution was waged fiercely by a gray-haired veteran, acquainted with all the intricate windings of the law, ably assisted by a man famed for his persuasive eloquence. The case, then, was dead against the Company. And so thought the little party who would have had the Company successful if only for one thing—that Owen Fiske might gain new laurels.

The entire morning was consumed, and it was long past noon ere the young lawyer gave signs of the life that stirred within him; and when he fairly launched into his theme, the audience suddenly became breathless with eager attention. Twenty minutes he occupied, and in those twenty minutes his clever opponents felt the fine-spun arguments they had woven so cleverly swept away by a mere breath. One or two hard, incontrovertible facts did the business. We may relate them. Acting upon the advice of Owen Fiske, the Company had brought their lever to bear on the law-makers, and the bridge became a mail route. Taking this for his mallet, the dauntless "*chil*" proceeded deliberately to drive the pegs from under the fine fabric reared so grandly and imposingly by his very able opponents. And the Company gained the day, and Owen Fiske became famous, while college-bred men like Milton McGowan sought to belittle him; but as in practical efforts of that nature they failed, owing to the vast difference between them, probably the object of their envy, was as ignorant of their slanders as a lamp of the poor witless moths that singe their wings by coming in contact with it.

Mr. Seaforth, himself a talented man, sought an early introduction to the young lawyer, and when Miss Crayton became Mrs. Seaforth, the friendship between the Seaforths, Mayers and

Fiskes became something more than common. And as the three families had more than the usual amount of energy, the intimacy was productive of vast good to A—— at large ; for in all practical workings of charity and benevolence, the families just mentioned took the lead, and the acknowledged head of those difficult undertakings, always fully and faithfully accomplished, was OWEN FISKE.

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## Rachel;

### Or, WAS IT FATE OR PROVIDENCE:

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

#### CHAPTER I.—A SUDDEN DEATH.

"I mooch fear dat de poor man is breathed his last," said the German Jew.

At this uprose a shrill scream from the farthest corner of the room, and a little figure, very slight, and with long golden tresses hanging disordered and tangled over her shoulders, came out of the corner where she had been lying, a frightened heap. Her hands were clasped in a frenzied way, and lifted despairingly; her large dark eyes were tearless, almost wild with the grief and terror into which the old Jew's exclamation had thrown her. When her father, the man now lying rigid and nerveless, his hand grasping the bare edge of the bedstead in a death-clutch, was first attacked, the child's loud shrieks had called in the neighbors, and then, alarmed at his strange struggles and the contortions he made in his efforts to speak, she had gathered herself together in the farthest corner, covering her face with her hands.

"What do you say that for?" she cried passionately, opening her hands and letting them fall, still separately clenched, while a flash of electrical light deepened the dark eyes. "He was well yesterday; he was well last night. He has fainted—he is in a fit. Oh! where can I find a doctor?"

"We ish sent for a doctor, little child—we ish expecting him every minute. Do you

be good and quiet, and maybe he'll come round."

The child cast an unwilling glance once more, at the rigid face; then impelled by some sudden anguish, she threw herself upon the floor at the bedside, and laid her head upon the stiffened hand, but drew it back again with the sharp cry of, "Oh! how cold it is!" and ran sobbing again to the corner.

The room was by this time nearly filled with people, who represented almost every clime and country. Irish women, Germans, an old, keen-eyed Italian organ-grinder, who had been very kind to little Raney, as they called the child of Carl Cassidy—stiff and stark there; the Jew watch-repairer, a Dutch peddler of the feminine gender, and a coal-black negress, old and bent; with a fair sprinkling of English and French. The very premises where this sad event had taken place was a stench in the nostrils of the genteel people who owned property in not very close proximity to this neighborhood, but near enough to feel and see the dire workings of poverty and crime.

It was a large house of five stories, every nook and cranny of which was filled to repletion. There were at least ten families in the lower rooms, and fourteen or fifteen persons rented rooms above the second story. Some of these were journeymen tailors, a few day-seamstresses, bar-tenders, and peddlers. The room in which they were now crowded was very small, on the third story, at the back of the house. It was not comfortably furnished—far from it. There was no carpet on the floor, no paper on the wall, and barely two broken chairs, backless and well nigh rungless, stood

near the bed. The little child evidently slept with her father; a curious stove of a very ancient pattern stood snug up to the fireboard, and there was a small table between the two melancholy windows that looked down upon the dingy brick walls below, with blue green eyes, always running a sad-colored moisture.

As the gabble in Irish, German, Dutch, and Jew-English began to increase, and the crowd drew nearer to the bed, there was a surging movement near the door, and a falling back before the tall, broad-shouldered doctor, whose eye-glasses, swinging in gold rims, attracted the longing gaze of more than one petty thief.

"Ah! I see—a fit," muttered the doctor, pursing his handsome lips, and frowning a little as he spoke. "When was he attacked?"

Nobody could tell. Little Raney being summoned from her corner, came forward, sobbing, though there was not a tear in her eye. The doctor was evidently somewhat taken aback by the singular face that gave so much promise of beauty.

"Well, my dear, was this man your father?" he asked. The child nodded her head in token of assent.

"How long has he been ailing?"

"He was well last night," sobbed Rachel, turning away so as not to face the sad sight.

"And did you find him dead, my dear?" It seemed as if the man was compelled to use terms of tenderness.

"No, no!" cried little Rachel, trembling all over. "He waked me up, trying to talk, but he couldn't say nothing. Oh! father, father, don't leave me all alone," she gasped, with a pathos so sorrowful, that even the eyes of the pompous physician grew dim.

"Is your mother dead, my child?"

"No," was the low, whispered answer.

"Not dead! Then where is she at such a time as this?"

"I don't know," sobbed Rachel; "father took me away, long ago. I don't remember her."

"Ah! I see—a sad case," muttered the doctor, partly to himself. "I'm sorry for you, my poor child."

"Papa," moaned little Rachel, then turning from one to the other, as if she would implore the needed assistance to keep her heart from breaking, her eyes fell upon a figure that was just entering the room, and with a wild cry, that was a mixture of relief, terror and agony,

she ran towards her. It was a woman, homely, almost deformed, plain Miss Tarkey Milliken the tailoress, who occupied a little room up stairs. She had been out early for her work, and had just returned. Some one had casually told her that old Cassidy was dead. Her first thought was for the child, and now that she saw her, she was down on her knees in a moment, her arms opened wide, and little Raney, for the first time shedding tears, gathered to her bosom.

"The poor little one—the poor little one," ejaculated the tailoress, patting her gently on the head with her long, bony fingers. "Tarkey'll be a friend to ye, darling. Why, I didn't dream of such a thing; be easy, be patient, darling, ye've got somebody to come to."

"Oh, Tarkey," sobbed the child, "is my father gone? Wont he never wake up?"

"Sure he will, in the heaven, darling; so comfort yourself with that. You'll see him again, after a long while, for I'm sure he was a good man and loved his Bible.

"What's going to be done with the child?" she queried, in answer to a question, "leave her with me, for now—I'll see what can be done."

The doctor had passed out—so had several of the crowd, and now two old women were busy straightening the limbs and composing the features. At last all was done. Rachel found a small sum of money laid by, but the neighbors would not touch it, saying that they would see to the burying, and the corpse, decently covered with a sheet, awaited the humble funeral.

"And now, Raney, come up stairs with me," said Tarkey, taking the child's unwilling hand.

"No, no—not to leave him alone—no, I can't, I can't; I aint afraid to stay here."

"Why, child, we'll lock the door till the undertaker comes—and I'm very busy."

"No, I'd rather stay here as long as I can," moaned Rachel.

Miss Tarkey, who was quick tempered, frowned, let go the child's hand, and went hurriedly towards the door, leaving the room in a pet. Not five minutes afterwards, however, in came the homely tailoress, work in hand, and sat herself down in a corner, industriously seaming, wondering how she could have felt angry with that pale, pretty creature, who had lost her all, and sadly listening to the deep, unchildish sighs that came laboring up from her little care-freighted heart.

Presently the child crept up to her side, but so stealthily she did not hear it till the little hand rested on her knee.

"La! child, how you startled me!" she exclaimed, turning a frightened look towards that still, outlined drapery in the corner.

"When folks die," said Rachel, her white face looking almost ghastly, her eyes wider and browner, "don't they have a minister to preach?"

"La! child, what did put that in your head?" asked Miss Tarkey.

"Why, I want to know."

"I suppose they do, Raney, when them that is dead belongs to the church. Your father didn't belong to no church, you know."

"No, but papa was a gentleman," said the child in a serious way, that seemed to settle the matter, at least in her mind.

"Of course there was something superior in him, I always said it," was Tarkey's response, glancing over again to the dread, shrouded thing that slept so dreamlessly. "And very handsome he were too—that I'll declare; nor very old he couldn't be either; why, he wasn't much over forty."

"Forty-seven," said Rachel, with a great sob.

"Is it possible? Well dear," she replied, after a few minutes of thought, "I don't know, it seems as if we all wanted a prayer said over us at the funeral—but then, he wasn't no church member. Who shall we get? I don't know nobody."

"Ministers are good men?" half queried little Rachel, as she took a step forward.

"They ought to be," said Tarkey sententiously.

"Well, then, I'm going to get a minister," and she started impulsively for her shawl, which she threw over her head.

"But, child, how do you know where a minister lives?"

"Oh! I know—what time shall I tell him? What time will papa be buried?" and another gush of tears followed.

"I don't know, child; perhaps you'd better wait till they bring the shell. Now sit down for a few moments, I want to talk to you. Did your father ever say anything to you about what he used to be? What he got his living by, I mean?"

"He said he didn't have to work in England—he never touched his hands to work till he came here."

"But how in the world did he live, child,"

said the woman, associating idleness with suffering.

"Why, he had a great deal of money, I expect."

"And—and your mother was with him then?"

"Oh! yes," a quick flush crossed the face of the child, as she simply answered, "yes'm, she was there too."

"Now don't let me be too inquisitive, child; but do you remember your mamma?"

Rachel shook her head.

"I guess not," she said; "I wasn't with her much."

"But, Miss Rachel," said the woman, unconsciously using a term of respect, "do you remember anything of them times? All of us says *he* must have seen better days," and she pointed significantly to the bed.

"Oh! yes, indeed he has; I tell you my papa was a gentleman, if he was poor," said the child, in tremulous tones. "And I can't remember a great deal, but I *know* that we lived in a great house once, oh! ever so much larger than this; why, we had a place for flowers and fruit that was almost as big as a house, and rows of cages with birds in them, and a man to see to them all the time. Oh! yes, I remember that, and how I had a nurse and a servant, and there were plenty of people in the house. It was all very pleasant before papa took me away, and put some old clothes on me and him and took me across the water. And after that we lived better than we do now. Poor papa was speaking of that time, yesterday—and—wont you never tell nobody?" The child's eyes grew fuller and darker with the mystery of her offered message as she drew closer to the expectant tailoress.

"No—I'll never, never," replied the other, catching her breath.

"Well, papa said yesterday he was going to tell me all about it to day," she went on, putting her apron up to her eyes, the tears flowing afresh. "And he said—he said that Cassidy was not his *real* name; but that that was on the inside of the ring he wore on his little finger. It's there now. I wouldn't touch it for worlds. Besides, he said he never wanted me to know; that Cassidy was a good name, and a name that he loved, and I must always have it. So I don't want no other, and I couldn't have the ring, of course, because he wants it buried with him. And now I'm going after the minister."

"But, child, you don't know the time now any better than you did before."

"I'll tell him to come to me at five o'clock; they shan't bury poor papa any sooner."

Another moment her resolute little voice was lost in the passage outside.

"A strange child?" murmured the tailorress, moving nearer to the window. "I declare I didn't know I was so skittish, but I can't bear to be left alone with a dead man," and she hitched her chair yet closer to the dreary light. Looking out there was nothing suggestive of life or happiness. On the contrary, there were heaps of burn and rusty barrels that had been used in the distillery, whose gaunt, gray, hungry-looking walls loomed up near by—the lean body of some starved cat, and rubbish from the still, lying in dismal heaps, while here and there a shallow pool of green water attracted insects of various kinds. It was an autumn day, chilly and portentous of winter. A fearful stillness reigned in the room. Miss Tarkey Milliken looked over her shoulder, valiantly, starting every moment at the impression that now the head stirred, then that respiration moved the chest.

"Well, well, I'd like to know all about it," she went on, muttering above her breath. "There's some mystery about the thing, and what can it be? Why don't he want her to know her name? I don't like that. Maybe he was jealous of his wife and killed her; she, the child, wouldn't know, being such a mite of a thing; it's bad to keep the name from her, now he's dead and gone. I declare, it might bring a fortune to the child; It don't look right."

And so Miss Tarkey sat there, the matter growing gloomier and darker the more she thought of it. The bare room seemed very desolate to her, for her little chamber, though a box, compared even to that, had been neatly papered, by her own hands and furnished by her own industry. The sun, pale and wintry, could be seen between the stacks of chimneys lighting up one solitary church—the Church of St. John's, but not the finest drawn hair of gold came into the little room. It seemed to grow dark and full of shadows. With a cry of terror she sprang from her seat, for there came three quick raps on the door. It was only the man with the coffin, a rude, red pine box.

"Well, I guess I frightened ye, Miss," was his mischievous response, as he met the white face of Tarkey, "beg pardon. I'm sure I didn't mean to. We're coming to lay him in directly we've got dinner, Miss, me and tother man, my partner, but I thought as I was going

right by the door, I'd bring this yere. Good morning, Miss."

The coffin, standing right opposite, was an added horror. The poor tailorress could not settle herself to work.

"Gracious knows," she muttered to herself, "I shant earn my salt if this goes on. But the thought of that ring troubles me. The child isn't old enough to understand what good it might do her. She said she mustn't take it off, but I declare, if I had the courage I would, for the sake of the child. I wonder where she is? How long she's gone, too! who'll come here upon her invitation? Nobody, I guess, poor child! Well, well, but about that ring; if I only could get up the courage!"

The more she thought of it, the more necessary did it appear for her to secure the means of identifying the child, should anything happen. Some strong impulse without seemed pressing upon her mind in a mysterious manner, the necessity for immediate action. "He was always kind of crazy, I thought," she muttered to herself, letting her work rest on her lap, "and it's some freak or other that made him leave his home, no doubt, or else some crime, poor thing! After all, what harm if I try? He can't hurt me, he's cold enough, poor soul! I'll see, at any rate, whether it's loose on the finger." So saying, with many misgivings she went towards the bed, and lifted a portion of the sheet. Not that which rested on his face—she was too cowardly for that, but where his right hand laid, straightened by his side. How very white, and long, and well shaped the fingers! even she could stop to notice their fair proportions. And there was the ring, broad, but worn flat and thin. She touched it at first cautiously, it moved about easily. She then lifted the finger, shuddering at its stony coldness, and, with the desperation of fear, clutched at and drew the ring off with one effort.

"There! it's done, and I don't see the harm," she said, retreating to the other side of the room with all the trepidation of fear. "I've done it for the child's sake, and not any too soon either," she added, as she heard heavy footsteps on the stairs. "When they've put him in she wont miss it, and I'll manage that she shall have the ring in some manner. It would be hard to cheat her out of her rights in life, and then wrong her in death. 'Twasn't very kind of him, I must say."

The two men came in, and in a business-like way did their work.

"Are you going to have a plate on, Miss?" asked one of them.

"A plate!" she answered, quickly, somewhat confused, as she remembered that she held the real name of the pauper in her hand. "Why—I'm sure I don't know. I suppose not, though; he's a stranger here to most of us, and if they'd wanted a plate they'd have spoken for one. No, no plate."

#### CHAPTER III.—A CHILD'S HEART WOUNDED.

The parsonage of the Rev. George Carlton was one of a handsome row of brick houses on Cedar street. An Episcopal clergyman of good standing, retiring, somewhat pompous in his appearance, a splendid scholar, very much admired at large and beloved by his own congregation, he received a liberal salary, and lived quite up to it. Well born, he had never in his life had to battle with the fiend poverty, and had contrived to see as little of it as possible. And yet he was a conscientious, high-toned Christian man, with feelings too refined and taste too fastidious to like, or even tolerate less of the splendor and convenience of life than he saw around him. He had a wife, beautiful and accomplished, but no children. From his handsome walls there looked down the cherub face of a little girl of some seven summers. As many summers had she slept in the still grave-bed, under a mound of flowers that were tended by loving hands during the pleasantest months of the year.

The Rev. Mr. Carlton sat in his study deeply interested in a new work, when a servant came to say that he was wanted.

"But I think you needn't disturb yourself, sir," he added, "for it's only a little child of the likes of the poorer classes."

"See what she wants, John, and if she can come again. I really do not wish to be disturbed now. No one in my parish would think of intruding on my Saturdays."

"And, indeed, sir, I can't make anything of it," said John, returning. "She says something about her father, and she must see the minister herself. I had a mind to put her out of the door, but that she took on so, it kind of made me feel, sir."

Oh! well, let her in, John. I'll make short work of it," said the revered gentleman, disposing his elegant dressing-gown about a faultless figure, "let her in. Somebody has sent her here to palm off a miserable story, I suppose," and he turned to his book again, evidently annoyed.

Presently, a quiet step arrested his atten-

tion. He looked up in surprise, and frowning somewhat. The clear brown eyes that met his glance, however, shook his purpose a little. "Surely a wonderful face!" he said to himself.

"Are you a minister, sir?" faltered the low, soft voice.

"Yes, little girl, I am a minister; what do you want?"

The carelessness of his manner evidently chilled her. The tears brimmed over again, falling slowly down her cheeks.

"Ministers are all good men; better than anybody else, aint they, sir?"

He laid down his book now, impatient, but at the same time astonished by the singularity of the question.

"They are good men, I hope," he replied.

"Why do you ask? what do you want of me?"

"Oh! sir, only to say a prayer over my father."

"Who is he? Is he sick? Is he one of my parishioners?"

"Sir," ejaculated the child, to whom the long word was Greek.

"Does he go to my church? is he an Episcopalian?"

"Oh! I don't know, sir; he don't go to any church."

"Then what made you come to me?"

"Because I thought you were a good man, and I don't want him buried without a prayer."

"Oh! he is dead, then. Where do you live?"

"Down in Trotter Place."

"Trotter Place!" exclaimed the minister, with a look of horror. "Oh! no, he added, hastily, I can't go there. I never go there. It is quite impossible. There must be a minister nearer to you who sees to such things. I'd advise you to apply to him. My time is very precious on Saturdays."

And this from the man who, because he was a clergyman, little Rachel was disposed to reverence as living nearer heaven than other mortals. Child though she was her cheek flushed, and her little form straightened—

"You despise us because we live there, but my father was a gentleman once, and"—she hesitated, the tears rushed up again, the little voice grew broken—"so he was when he died." The young child face with its haunting eyes—would he ever forget it? for the voice of human sorrow always shook his soul. He became alive to the fact that this little child in scant garments might be, nay, was, as

precious in the sight of God as the beautiful creature in his parish, who in her gauzy robes he had often likened to the angels.

"Stop little girl, let us talk about it. Had you no friend to come for you in this sorrowful time?"

"No, sir; I hadn't any friend but my father, and he's dead," she cried, with a new burst of emotion.

"My poor little child," he said again, "don't cry. I'll give you a note to a Methodist minister, who lives nearer to you than I do—and here is some money for you."

The blood of all the Montagues could not have flushed a brighter scarlet than mounted her pale cheek, as, throwing back her head, she half turned to the door, crying out—

"I wouldn't take your money—oh! papa, papa, why did you die?"

"But—stay my child!"

Vain the remonstrance; the little hand had clutched the door knob, opened it, and she was half way across the hall.

"Terrible temper," muttered the minister, uneasily; "these children always have I believe; but—I—wish—I—had gone to Trotter Place."

"My dear, who was that child?" asked his wife, entering a moment after.

"Who, why some poor little thing—wanted me to go to Trotter Place. Absurd! preposterous."

"But, husband," cried the minister's wife, casting an anxious glance streetward, "didn't you see the likeness?"

"Likeness—to who, pray?"

"To who?—why husband, look up there; to our Elsie."

"Our Elsie!—that creature!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, turning his eyes to the picture opposite, and then looking at his wife in a startled way.

"Why, upon my word, Bessie; upon—my—word! she did look something like!"

"Something like!—her very image, and I only caught one glimpse as she was going out. I'd give worlds to know her; who is she?"

"That I can't tell you. That she lives in Trotter Place is the extent of my information. She wanted me to go and make a prayer over her father, who is dead. What do I know about the matter? Some responsible person should have come. When I asked her if the man belonged to any church, she said he did not. How do I know where she'd carry me? The man may have died of small pox or ship fever. The authorities ought to provide a

city missionary or some low-church clergyman."

"Poor little thing," mused the wife, her brow clouded; "how did you tell her? It seems to me I would have gone; her face haunts me."

"Why, I told her I would give her a note to old Mr. Taylor, the Methodist minister, and offered her some money; but she would take neither the one or the other."

"Oh! my dear, you may have done much harm; no common beggar would have refused money; and her little heart will be hardened against clergymen, perhaps. I wish you had gone. It may be, George, that she is an orphan, and well-descended. If so, do you know that—I should be tempted!"

"Well, what?"

"To adopt her; oh, George, in that one glance she seemed so near to me."

"My dear—you are beside yourself."

"I can't help the feeling, George—I surely cannot help it. I feel as if we had missed the fairest opportunity for doing good that ever offered. Something tells me that child's lonely life ought to be linked with ours. I shall not rest till I see her again—poor little creature, I'm sorry you refused her."

#### CHAPTER IV.—A TARDY REPENTANCE.

Miss Tarkey still sat alone, stitching at the coarse cloth in her hand, when Rachel burst into the room, her eyes swollen with weeping, her cheeks scarlet. The sight of the coffin only increased her anguish, and she cried out as she fell almost at the feet of the homely tailoress—

"Oh! I wish I had died and could be buried with papa."

"Hush, Raney, hush: it is wicked to take on so. God knew what was best for you, or he would a' sent for you, too."

"I wonder if He is like the ministers?" cried the child, passionately. "I hate them—they are bad, wicked men. I used to think he looked so good, and I went to him and asked him to pray at poor papa's funeral, and he wouldn't come because we was poor and lived in Trotter Place. I hate him. I'll always hate him; I won't believe any of them. He wanted me to take some money; I wouldn't take it if I was starving."

"Oh, Rachel, you mustn't show so much temper; my quick temper has been a hindrance to me all my life; perhaps you didn't understand him; perhaps he was not very well, and was afraid of some disease."

"Yes, he was well," sobbed the child, "and he hadn't nothing to do but just sit there in his handsome chair and a great big gown all red with flowers, and read. And every thing about him was splendid, and there was the picture of a little girl, his little girl, I 'spose. She's got a father, and—and everything she wants, and I—I"—here the sobs became so violent that poor Miss Tarkey grew frightened, and threw her work aside.

"Rachel," she said, "if your father could see you now, how unhappy it would make him! You must try to think it all for the best; come, don't cry so, you'll be sick," and stroking the golden tresses, she tried by every means in her power to soothe the wounded spirit. "Plague take the pesky man," she thought, "it wouldn't have hurt him jest to come here for a minute or two, and now he's done more harm than he can answer for—I'm afraid. See, Rachel," she added, aloud, as the child's sobs grew less frequent, "you haven't had a mouthful to-day—you must must eat something, or you'll be sick. I've got some crackers and a sip of tea while you've been gone. Go up in my room—and I'll borry some chairs for the funeral."

"There wont anybody come," moaned Rachel, who had lost all faith.

"Yes, there will—I'll see to that. And I know a good man who'll say the prayer, and be glad too, and your poor father will have a decent funeral—I say that. Now you'll go up and eat something, wont you?"

The child said yes, and followed the tailor-ees up the creaking stairs, into the snug little room she called her home. Here she placed upon the little table a bit of cheese, a plateful of crackers, and in a few moments made a cup of tea, the only thing that Rachel could touch with any satisfaction. Then she went to her own room again, much against Miss Tarkey's entreaty, who set it down in her mind that the child must be a wilful one, and hard to manage—took her seat near the coffin, and watched, without seeming to see, the few poor pine chairs which Tarkey had gathered from the several rooms, ranged along the walls.

"Dear me, how ish de child now?" asked the German Jew, entering at this moment. "De dinner is on de table—smokin' hot—and de madam sent me to shay that, poor as it is, de little girl shall 'ave some of it."

"I've seen to that," said Tarkey; "but perhaps she'd like some warm dinner. Would you, Rachel?"

The child shook her head.

"Dat ish a pity, for de madam made somethin' goot for her; but I 'spose she hash lost her appetite," said the Jew; "now I will take anoder look at de poor man, and I shall go; madam she ish come to de services but not me." So saying he stood a moment, gazing silently into the face of the dead man, then with a grimace, and a slow shake of the head, he left the room, bestowing one pitiful glance on the little child, with her sunny head bowed. Two or three others came up to invite the orphan to dine—came with coarse words of welcome and rough gestures, but kindly hearts. By every one in that household, even by the drunken and profane, little Rachel was beloved, and more than one would have given her a home. At four o'clock a city missionary came, and quietly and kindly read over the coffin of the unknown dead, and lifted a simple prayer to the father of mercies, not forgetting the little child in her loneliness, who sat sobbing and weeping as if her poor heart would break. There were seven mourners, all told, dressed in the best they had, to pay as much respect to the poor corpse as they knew how, and the little child was grateful—grateful to Mrs. O'Murphey, in her great, coarse, frilled cap, and Mr. Calligan, who had hobbled up on crutches, to the little one-eyed man who sold segars on the sidewalk, to the wife of the German Jew, who appeared resplendent in a small bonnet with roses at the top almost as large as peonies—grateful to all the kind, good hearts who pitied the lonely orphan, saying to herself that she never would forget them—and never cease to hate the minister who had refused to pray at her father's funeral.

The little heart was capable of a great deal, either of the sweetest, kindest sympathies, or the strongest prejudice. Education and the influence of other surroundings might change her disposition in all but these two attributes. Where she loved, she would love with an intensity bordering on passion; where she found in others an atmosphere repellant to her own inherent tastes, she would feel a repugnance that seemed almost allied to hate. This peculiarity the child had ever shown, and it would not probably be lessened with her growth, save by the most skilful management, or an entire change of her nature.

As the funeral was going out of the door, the Episcopal minister and his wife came in, and with some little trepidation mounted the stairs to the room from which the man had

been carried. Looking in they saw Miss Tarkey, tall, angular and homely, seated on the floor, and striving with all her might to soothe the child, whose sobs had become hysterical.

"I am sorry; I thought I should be in time," said Mr. Carlton, gazing with a slight shrug around the dingy apartment. Little Rachel ceased her sobs, and glared at him almost defiantly. Mrs. Carlton went towards her, pity in her dark eyes.

"My dear, wont you go home with me?" she queried.

"No—no!" gasped the child; "Tarkey, don't let them take me; I want to stay with you."

"But you will have a good home, my child, and I will take care of you, because you look like my little girl that died."

"No, I want to stay here where papa died. Tarkey, you *will* keep me, wont you? you wont let me go away?"

"No, little Raney, I'll keep you if it's best."

"Oh! it will be best; I'd rather die than go!"

Mrs. Carlton took the tailorress aside, and said a few words in a low voice, to which the other seemed to assent. She also gave her some money to be used for the child, and then the minister and his wife left the house.

Tarkey took the child up into her bit chamber, and tucked her for the night in her bit bed. The poor furniture was disposed of, and as the child was very little trouble to her, and could sew coarse seams, she found that it was no burden to care for her. Sometimes she spoke of the minister's home, and painted the pleasures of such a life as the child of their adoption would enjoy, but Rachel listened with reluctance, or refused to hear altogether, and Tarkey was becoming so accustomed to her charge that her glowing descriptions were soon quite given up. It was such a pleasure to see the little golden head in the doorway, waiting for her when she came home with her work: such a sweet and new delight to see her seated near the window, learning to read, or stitching away with those small fingers of hers. She was inclined to be a gentle child, in every sense of the word. It was only the act of heartlessness, cruelty or injustice that led her to betray the war-spirit she inherited. And even in her poverty, she was proud and sensitive as to appearances. That point in her character the plain tailorress liked better than any other, for she herself was uncompromisingly neat, and little Rachel added to her

comfort in this respect. The child sang, also, wondrously well, and promised in time to possess a voice of no ordinary power. She was quite happy with her beloved Tarkey, after the first passion of her sorrow was over.

And thus a year passed. The minister's wife had not forgotten her project. She called occasionally at Trotter Place, mounted the high stairs, and sat and talked with the angular tailorress, about little Rachel. But strange to say, she could not win her love. The child spoke when she was spoken to, but when she entered, all the life would go out of her face. She could not forget that one incident that would stand out henceforth as the most prominent sorrow of her life. Years hence would she tell that story and express her contempt for the good pastor. For in reality he was at heart a good man. He would not have done a wrong thing, knowingly, for worlds. But that careless refusal had planted a sting in the heart of a little child, and a long lifetime could not pluck it out.

But trial was again to fall upon the little orphan. The good Tarkey was taken ill, very ill. Little Rachel did not suffice—she could not manage her in her delirium. It frightened her to see the tossing arms, the wild eyes; to hear the hoarse, changed voice. The neighbors came in, tardily, called by the cries of the child. The physician came—the same one who had pronounced her father dead. He belonged to some hospital, and he decided that as the case was a dangerous one, and the fever might prove to be infectious, poor Tarkey must be removed to the hospital.

In vain the little girl prayed that she might accompany her—the doctor lent a deaf ear.

"Rather a fine child, that," he said to himself, "if somebody would adopt her."

Poor Tarkey called Rachel to her in one of her sane moments.

"Take this key, dear, it belongs to the little black box in the closet. If I should die, you will find a pocket-book with fifty dollars in it. Keep it, child, it is yours, and give it to the minister, who will spend it for you, but don't let anybody know it is there. Stop—you had better take it out now. Put the pocket-book in your bosom or make a safe place for it somewhere in your dress, and wait here till you hear from me. I paid the month's rent in advance the day I was taken sick." Having said this, she watched the child fulfil her wishes, and then sank into a stupor from which she had not roused herself when the hospital cart drove up. And now the child was all

alone. The wife of the German Jew prevailed upon her to take her meals with her for a few days, but most of the time she sat in the little room, waiting, hoping, irresolute and unhappy.

On the fifth day her suspense became intolerable. Nor was she less uneasy, when, as she sat by the little window, the door opening disclosed the face of the minister's wife. She shrank from the warm kiss and kindly manner.

"My dear, you will come and stay with us now," said Mrs. Carlton, as she took the passive little hand.

The child shook her head, only saying—

"I am waiting for Tarkey to get well."

"But, my child, Tarkey is dead and buried, they tell me."

The little girl gazed at her with a stony glance, then turned impatiently away, saying,

"I will wait till she comes."

"But, my dear, if she is dead"—

"She can't be dead; somebody would have come and told me."

"And I have come."

"Then papa has gone and Tarkey has gone," cried the child, bursting into tears.

"I will be your friend, dear."

"No, no," the child persisted, laying her hands on the broad window-sill, and her face upon them.

"My dear, why will you not let me love you? I tell you you shall be like my own little child."

"I want Tarkey—I only want Tarkey," sobbed Rachel. "God takes them all away from me."

"But He provides others, dear."

"No, no—it was only papa and Tarkey I wanted, and now they are both gone."

"But, my child, you must have somewhere to stay—you must go home with me."

"I will stay here," said the child, resolutely.

"You can't stay here, little one—how are you going to pay for the rent?"

"I have"—and there the child checked herself; she was about to disclose the fact that she had money with her, but a bright thought flashed across her brain.

"You won't take me to night," she said.

"No, nor to-morrow, if you will only come with me. You must pack up your clothes nicely, and I will call for you whenever you say. Shall I come for you to-morrow?"

"To-morrow night, perhaps," queried the child.

"Yes, that will give you time enough to

say good-by to all your friends, and put aside whatever you want to have saved from that good little woman's things, and I will come for you in a carriage," said the minister's wife.

"And does it cost a great deal for a carriage?" asked the child.

"Oh! no—you could ride four or five miles for a dollar," was her reply, smiling at the question. "Do you love to ride? you shall, often, when you come with me, for I shall call you my little girl, and I have plenty of nice clothes for you, and beautiful playthings, and you shall go to a good school and learn everything."

#### CHAPTER V.—HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

"Five miles for a dollar," said Rachel to herself, as she sat in a musing attitude after the minister's wife had gone. "I can't go and live with that man—I won't—I'll travel away first where they can't find me. Five miles for a dollar—let me see."

She took out the little pocket-book from a place she had made in the bosom of her dress. The bills seemed to her a great fortune. How should she ever spend fifty dollars? But then there was the danger of being robbed, again. Suppose some of the inmates of that house knew that she had so much money? They might come and murder her. There were men there who would dare do it. She had locked the door. Now she carefully took out two one dollar bills, and folding them in a paper, put them in her pocket, then restored the pocket-book to its old place.

"I shall never see poor Tarkey again," she said, sorrowfully, "so I might as well go and seek my fortune. The minister may have a very nice home, but I could not live there; I should be thinking all the time how he looked when I asked him to say a prayer for father."

Picking up a few things, she packed them into a little hand-basket, put on her bonnet and faded shawl, and suddenly recollected that she did not know who to leave the key with. She thought carefully over the varied inmates of the house, and came to the conclusion to give it to the wife of the German Jew, who had always been so kind to her. So gravely locking the door, after casting one lingering glance about the little room, she proceeded down stairs to the apartment occupied by that worthy, and from the door of which issued an odorous smell, like to the frying of doughnuts. And surely, there stood Madam Deuchtsloff, her portly dimensions arrayed in a check gown and large woollen apron, her face scarlet

from the effects of the heat, her fat, red arms bare above the elbow, while a dozen bright red spots danced and bubbled about in a frothy cream of boiling lard.

"Dat ish you, little Miss, come right in and waits till I gets dis dish empty and den helps yourself to doughnuts."

"I don't want any doughnuts," said Miss Rachel, with a grand air and a steady voice, that made her seem a very short and diminutive woman, "I have come to ask you if you'll take care of poor Tarkey's key."

"Vat! ish you going away?" asked the German Jew's portly wife.

"Yes; poor Tarkey is dead, and I'm going to seek my fortune," was the grave reply.

"Ah! de child is crazy—is lost herself," cried the woman, flinging up her arms, and totally oblivious to the blackening crust of the dough-balls, that bobbed about more furiously than ever. "Dat is clear joking, child."

"No, I'm really going to seek my fortune. I can't live here, you know, now papa is gone and Tarkey is gone."

"Poor child!" muttered the tender-hearted woman, dashing at the dough-balls, the tears in her eyes—"I did hear yesterday dat she was not expect to live; but I think not she was die. Come, you shall stay wid me till we finds you a place."

"No, thank you; I'm going right away now. You will keep the key till the month is up, wont you?"

"Ah, ish de month's rent all paid, den?"

"Yes, so Tarkey told me."

"Very well; but if you ish going, if you doesn't finds de fortune—den you'll maybe come back to us."

"Perhaps I will," was the quiet reply.

"Vell, I wonders if nobody takes you, wid that face," exclaimed the woman, with an admiring glance.

It was a beautiful face, now that it was lighted up, its soft eyes so luminous—such a wondrous brightness shining through every feature—the rich golden hair, with shafts of light gleaming all over it—not quite hidden by the little bonnet. In truth, her hair was the most glorious thing about her; fine, silky and luxuriant, it bade fair before many years to rival the tresses spoken of in old legends, that swept the floor when the bonny braid was loosened. The room was not blessed with windows—it was always shadowy, owing to the great staring black wall opposite, swept, and wrinkled, and stained with the tears and smoke of a century, overrun with harsh brown

moss, that never got a taste of sunlight; but the presence of the child brightened everything.

"Now, come—you will not find doughnuts like these where you goes to seek your fortune," said the good-natured woman, taking up half a dozen, and wrapping them in a paper.

"I'll take them in my hand," said the child, "for they would grease my clothes in the basket."

"Well, there they are. Now remembers, and come back to us if you gits frightened or hungry; we'll git you a good place—remembers."

Little Rachel thanked her, for her native courtesy never deserted her, even among the roughest associations, and went on her way till she found a stand for carriages.

"What will you charge to carry me five miles?" she asked, the little thing of nine years, gazing up in the face of a pleasant-looking driver.

The man smiled as he answered the wee child—"Where do you want to go, little lady?"

"Five miles," was the steady answer—"anywhere."

"Five miles anywhere?" he responded, suppressing a laugh—"well, that's rather a dubious direction."

"Well, where can I go for five miles?" queried the child.

"Why, let me see—you can go all over the city, or——"

"Oh! I want to get out of the city; that's what I'm going for."

"You do?" said the driver, more and more amused. "Well, there's Salem, and Warren, and Boxford, and Davis Corners, and——"

"I guess Warren will do," she said, catching at the name; "but you didn't tell me how much you would charge."

"Well, we generally ask a dollar; but you're rather young for this business, aint you?" he asked. "Where's your father? Why don't somebody go with you?"

"My father is dead," replied little Rachel, hoarsely, the tears starting. "I haven't got anybody since Tarkey died in the hospital, and I'm going to seek my fortune!"

What made the man turn suddenly away, and affect to be examining something on the sidewalk very intently. His lip quivered as he told the child to jump in, and he'd drive her to Warren for fifty cents, though he usually charged a dollar.

So she seated herself on the elastic cushion,

it was a very nice sort of vehicle, and placing her little basket beside her, she leaned back in the carriage, full of her grand scheme. What the fortune would be; in what shape it would present itself, and where it was to find her, were questions which she had not asked herself. There she was, a lonely, friendless child, beginning her life-journey independent of circumstances, quite too sufficient for herself to need any advice—strong in her resolve—a heroine in her determination.

The coach came to a stop. It was near a station, and several carriages stood about, ready to pick up the passengers coming in the different trains. Warren was a beautiful country place, green with hedges and tall shade trees; for the people who lived there were mostly rich, and spent their time in improving the land, and making it as near an earthly paradise as they were capable of doing. The driver sprang from his seat with some alacrity, and opened the coach door. One glance sufficed to show him that little Rachel was in a sound sleep. Such a fairy thing she seemed, leaning back in the most careless yet graceful attitude, her hair falling forwards and showering golden rays over the scant and threadbare shawl, that the man paused a moment, gazing silently; then called a brother whip.

"Isn't that a pretty picture?" he whispered, beckoning him to look in.

"She's a stunner, isn't she?" responded the other, coarsely but kindly. "What are you doing with her? Do you give every beggar a lift on the road?"

"Not exactly," said the driver. "This child isn't a beggar, since she offered to pay her fare; but I shant take anything, for I meant to come out to Warren some day."

"No more I wouldn't, poor little thing! Who is she?—what is she up to?"

"Who she is I don't know any more than you do; but she is going to seek her fortune."

The man looked into the coach again, and burst into a laugh.

"Seek her fortune!" he said. "She looks like it! See here, Peak, how do you know but you are getting yourself into trouble? She may be some lady's child—a runaway; you'd better take her name, at all events."

"A lady's child, with those clothes!" said the other. "No, I believe it's as she said; she's alone in the world, and thinks she can pick up for herself some way. However, that's a good idea about her name. Here, little one, wake up! You've come to the end of your journey."

Rachel opened her eyes very widely, and stared vacantly about her for a moment.

"I thought it was Tarkey," she said bewilderedly. "I think I was dreaming. Is this the place?"

"Yes, this is Warren, little lady; and now have you any idea where you are going?"

"Oh, yes," was the cheerful answer, as the child gathered up her small basket. "I shall find a place, I guess. Will you take your money out of this?" and she offered him the bill for which she had been fumbling.

"No, little one; you're welcome to your drive. Keep your money; I warrant you'll want all you have got."

Rachel looked up at him a little alarmed. Did he know that she had money with her, and would he tell somebody; and would he and the man who was watching follow her and rob her as she went onwards. The suspicion was but a momentary one. She thanked him, smiled confidently in his face, and enlivened by the beauty about her, refreshed by the sweet sleep she had enjoyed, she started cheerily onward. The doughnuts tasted very nice as she stopped at a running brook, after she had walked awhile. She felt a sense of freedom that quickened her pulses and made her heart bound with a new pleasure. Cautiously looking about her, to be sure she was not disturbed, she took out the little old pocket-book, and placed one of her bills with the rest of the money.

"How rich I am!" thought the guileless child. "I can surely go round the world with this money; and the good coachman was so kind. Why! what is this?"

The pocket-book was an old-fashioned wallet, containing several compartments. As she carelessly opened one of them that had escaped her notice on account of a flap which hid the mouth, she saw a small square package. It was not large enough for a letter; but she was well enough versed in the rudiments of spelling to decipher the printed handwriting of poor Tarkey, whose kindness had been such a balm to her soul. It was written thus:

"For little Rachel—her father's ring. She must keep it till she is a woman. Her real name is written inside of it."

Child as she was, Rachel flushed from head to foot. "Tarkey had no right," she cried indignantly to herself; "papa is dead, and papa said let his name be buried with him. Papa didn't want the ring taken off, and I don't want it. 'I'll bury it in the earth.'"

Some unseen influence mercifully stayed the

hand of the child. She looked at the package again and again, murmuring to herself—"Tarkey wouldn't have done anything wrong; I'm sure she wouldn't. Tarkey thought she was doing right. Perhaps after all I ought to keep it, and I will."

A sudden sound near her caused the child to turn her head; a sudden terror shook her; for there, standing a few feet from her, and leaning against a tree, stood a man, his eyes glowering at the pocket-book; and the poor, trembling child, who, as if fascinated by his evil, serpent-like glance, gazed at him silent under the hateful spell of fear. Broad-shouldered, stout and short, his countenance one of an almost deadly repulsiveness; black eyes like beads, that glittered sharply with an avaricious sparkle; a coarse mouth, fitly mating with the rest of his prominent, distorted features; a low, overhanging brow, and thick black wiry hair, made up a physique that could not soon be forgotten. For a moment they gazed at each other, both quite silent and motionless; then he moved, stretched himself lazily, looked round on all sides of him, to be sure that no one was near; (unfortunately, the child had chosen an untravelled road, instead of the turnpike) then pressing his lips together, he came up to the child, smiling horribly. She meantime had had no power to put the wallet away, or to turn from him. The little packet still hung to her almost nerveless fingers; some terrible evil seemed impending, and there was none to help her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The New Teacher.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

"Shall I go? Ought I to go?" soliloquized pretty Fanny Gray, as she sat with her sister's open letter in her hand.

And then she read, again—

"Do come, darling sister! My husband is school director, and urges the request. You shall not board around, as is customary in this district, but with us; and we will do all we can to make your stay endurable, if not pleasant. Our children are becoming complete little savages. Frank delights in all the slang phrases of the day, and I should not be surprised, at any time, to see him come in with tobacco in his mouth, or a pipe between his lips! Other boys do it, and why not he? While Fanny, your demure little Fanny, romps in a manner that you and I were never allowed to do, that is certain! And Charley—our three-year-old—drives his rocking-horse with, 'Gee, haw! go lang Buck!' that does credit to his teacher, our man David. Perhaps you will wonder why I do not keep them at home, and teach them here. That would never do, even if I had the time. They must associate with the children by whom they are surrounded. And these children are not bad, only uncouth and uncultivated. And you can change them, much, by your manner of teaching; I am sure you can. Only one year! or even one term will do some good. When you visited us, you expressed a wish that you might do some good in the world. I think you manifested a willingness to go as a missionary, if you could but see an opening. Here is the opening. These children need something besides schoolbooks and whipping. Your remuneration will be ample, as our State laws are generous, where education is concerned. Now please write me that you will come! &c., &c."

The young teacher laid the letter down, and yielded to the many thoughts that came crowding for a place.

Her pleasant village school—it was vacation—of well dressed, polite scholars, that she was sure were attached to her; the associates she had known from childhood; the merry rides, delightful pic-nics! Yes, and the instructive lectures! And last, but not least, her treasured church privileges. And then she looked back and reviewed them all again. Her position as teacher was a coveted one, and another could easily be found to take her place. She would write often to her friends and they would reply, and tell her of all their

merry-makings. Her sister's husband, Mr. Melland, had a choice library, and instruction could be found there. And God would hear prayer as well from the forest as from the most elaborately ornamented temple. And her parents! Her own dear mother was asleep, and the spring flowers had budded and blossomed three times upon her grave; while her father was now so absorbed in a second attachment, that he would hardly miss her. There was no bitterness in the thought, for her step-mother had been very kind to her, and was an estimable lady; but she too had children, and they needed all her care.

After consulting her father, who made no serious objections, and releasing herself from her next term, she wrote to her sister that she would come, and named the day. Some friends passing through the State to which she was going, escorted her as far as the station on the railroad where her relatives were to meet her.

They were waiting to receive her, and in their demonstrative pleasure, she felt that she was receiving the first instalment of her reward.

A ride of ten miles, through heavy timber, and over a very rough road, brought her to their home. She had made them a visit three years previous, and was surprised at the improvement that had taken place. The house had been enlarged, as had also the cleared land. Barns and out-buildings had sprung up, and the broad acres really looked like a farm. The children were indeed changed; but they were pictures of health, and, although a little rough, were brimful of love and happiness.

She had but one week before the commencement of her school, and she determined to devote a part of this time to her sister's children; hoping in this way, to make her task a little less difficult in the school-room. She commenced with Master Frank, as they sat at the breakfast table, by asking him if he had taken up grammar, as a study, yet.

"Me studied grammar yet? Well, I guess I have; two terms."

"In what case is me?"

"Nominative I, possessive my or mine, objective me. Why, in the objective case, to be sure."

"Did you speak correctly then, when you said me studied grammar?"

"I dont know. How should I have said?"

"I studied grammar." But she soon found she was leading him beyond his depth. He had learned his lessons and recited them; but

knew no more about the principles of grammar than a parrot. The fine little fellow was excessively mortified, and to soothe his wounded feelings somewhat, she said—

"I wish to enter into a compact with you, Frank. If I speak incorrectly, you shall have the privilege of questioning me; and I want the same right."

"Bully for you, Aunt Fanny. It is a bargain."

"No, thank you! no bullies for me, if you please! I do not like them. They are a set of noisy, blustering, overbearing fellows, with whom I have nothing in common."

"What do you mean?" and his fine eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"Will you bring the dictionary from the bookcase, if you please?"

It was brought, and when she had found the word, she placed it before him. He read the definitions with a puzzled look, and then said—

"I believe I don't know anything!"

"Oh, yes you do! and you are going to learn very much more. Where did you first hear that word?"

"At a public school exhibition in L—; some boys sang a song, and the last line of every verse was—

"Uncle Abraham, bully for you!"

"Well, we will not use the word in that place any more, will we?"

"Not a bit of it."

Fanny smiled, but released him for the time. But every day little lessons were bestowed on him and Fanny; and even Charley had ceased to beat his rocking-horse so savagely as when she first came. It was necessary that she should be examined as to her capability for teaching a district school. Her examination passed creditably to herself and to the satisfaction of the inspectors. Two of them were gentlemen of education and refinement; one, Mr. Williams, being an ex-representative to the State Legislature from that district. But the third was ignorant and conceited, and when he asked her in what part of England Australia was situated, she looked appealingly at the others; but they only smiled, and were silent. The man—who had obtained his office by his boasts of having been a teacher in his youth—thought, and with truth, that he had puzzled her at least, and with a chuckle said—

"Why, Miss, you ought to know where that is. There is where the English folks send their criminals."

"I do, sir," and then she gave the proper

description, latitude and longitude, and without any reference to England whatever.

The old man seemed satisfied, and the two gentlemen evidently admired her tact and self-possession, for they immediately produced her certificate, and expressed their entire satisfaction.

The road of Mr. Williams was the same as their own, and, on horseback, he accompanied the open carriage, and conversed pleasantly with Mr. Melland of the past, present, and future.

When they reached home, he was invited to stop for tea—an invitation that he readily accepted. And Fanny soon found, by the eagerness with which the children hurried towards him, that it was not his first by many.

When he departed, he informed Miss Gray that he had been appointed school visitor in that part of the township, and should be obliged, in accordance with his duties, to visit her school twice at least during the term.

She had not expected this, and the annoyance she felt was visible in her face. He observed it, and bending his head towards her said, in a low tone—

"Do you think it so very hard? If so, I shall regret more than ever the acceptance of an office that I never wanted."

She looked up and met his dark, searching eyes with their troubled expression; and, confused and blushing, she said—

"I shall be happy to receive you, sir, in conformance with your duties." And then, with a hasty good-night to all, he rode rapidly away.

That evening Mr. Melland told Fanny much of his friend, Thornton Williams. He had known him from boyhood—and a noble boy he was, as well as an energetic, studious youth—in his own native State; and now, a bachelor, he was a man of wealth and influence in that of his adoption.

The dreaded day came at last, and, accompanied by the two children, the young teacher took her way to the school-house. It was a square-framed structure, painted red, and with great staring, uncurtained windows, and stood in the woods—it must be in the centre of the district—looking like a trap placed for unruly children, instead of a pleasant home that teacher and pupils might love. The road—evidently but little travelled—came close to the door, and then crept away under the heavy trees on either side, as if searching for something more like civilization. The interior was

in keeping with the outside—unpainted seats and desks, marred by the mischievous knife; a wooden chair, with part of the back missing; a whitewood table, surmounted by a dilapidated copy of Webster's Dictionary; a dingy pale and rusty tin cup, completed the furnishing. When she first came in sight of the house she saw children; but as soon as they saw her they skulked among the trees like partridges. She laid her portfolio on the soiled table, and stepping to the door rang her bell. Not a child appeared.

"They don't understand that," suggested Frank. "Our teachers always take a stick and pound on the side of the house."

Fanny smiled on her young teacher, and did as he proposed. She then stepped back to her place, and soon a stream of animal life came pouring through the doorway, and then scrambled off in every direction to seats. After the confusion had subsided, she took up her bell, and said—

"This is what I use to call scholars. I have taught school before—far away from here. My scholars were kind, pleasant children"—her voice trembled a little—"and I loved them dearly. I want you to take their places, and be to me what they were. I have some rules that I will read to you, and then we will see about the studies."

She read the rules—few, but stringent—and then proceeded to take names and arrange classes.

This completed, she called her first class. Not a scholar moved; and she soon found they had been accustomed to read wherever they sat. She changed that habit at once, and the next class came readily to their places.

"Go out?" called out a boy of twelve years, perhaps.

"No, why should I?" she asked, in feigned astonishment.

"Oh, it is me that wants to go out!"

"Yes, you can go; but the next time"—and she smiled pleasantly—"hold up your hand, and say, 'Please, Miss Gray?' That is the way my other scholars used to do."

It was very hard teaching them to use politeness to each other. Many who were strictly courteous at home displayed none of it to their schoolmates. No teacher had exacted it before; although some had insisted upon it for themselves as teachers.

She discovered that some would come in after recess with dirty faces and hands. This would never do; and one morning she came into the school-room with a new tin wash-basin,

towel, soap, and brush. Some pouted. This was an innovation; but she said pleasantly—

"I often get my hands dirty in the school-room, and sometimes my face even, and my hair gets disarranged. I like to be tidy in all places, and have brought these articles; and if any of you wish to use them during recess, you are perfectly welcome to do so."

And from that day forth no more dirty faces or uncombed locks. Thus she made her way, step by step. A swing was erected—the children raising money to buy the rope by subscription—and took the place of bent saplings, their former swings. She provided them with marbles, balls and skipping-ropes, and offered to instruct any of the girls—out of school hours—in needlework, crocheting or even drawing. They needed no urging; and many a little collar came, as a pleasant surprise, to the kind mother at home, that had grown into shape during the few moments of recess from each day. The change was wonderful. Nor were the studies in the least neglected; and, what was still better, they understood whatever they recited. No parrot lessons satisfied Fanny Gray.

Mr. Williams called twice as school visitor; but he soon discovered that his presence was a restraint upon the beautiful young teacher, and, making his visits as brief as consistent with his duties, he returned to the residence of Mr. Melland to await the coming of one he was learning dearly to prize.

At the close of the term there was a unanimous voice that she should be continued in the school, although they had ever had a male teacher for their winter school.

She hesitated a little at the thought of the influx of large scholars; but gentleness and patience had carried her safely thus far, and she would venture.

The inspector, who was so curious about Australia, belonged in the district, and called on her during the vacation, and expressed himself satisfied with her teaching. "You got 'long wall this summer, cause they was all small, like, Miss. But you'll have a harder time on't this winter. Them big boys are used to the gad, and you must put it on to 'em. Don't be fraid; they dassent tech you. Wy, the master whipt Ike Dean last winter till he carred the marks more'n a week. You never seen sich a boy!"

Miss Gray thanked him for his advice and information, and assured him that she should use the rod whenever she found it necessary to do so. He departed with his usual pomposity,

convinced that he had done a grand thing by the fair teacher. Through the suggestion of Fanny, and the influence of Mr. Melland, a vote was taken at the annual school meeting to repair the school-house. It was carried, and when her school again commenced, she found the desks and seats freshly painted, some coarse muslin shaded the windows, a black-board and map adorned the newly whitewashed walls, and a nice writing-desk, on a substantial table, together with a comfortable chair, were provided for the teacher.

The winter term was even more pleasant than the summer one. The road was marked out, and they had only to walk in it; and her large scholars were rather a pleasure than an annoyance, as they were more advanced in their studies, and thus furnished food for her own thinking powers. "Ike Deau" was a noble fellow, and her model scholar, and she learned that he was so unmercifully punished by his last teacher because he had refused to betray a schoolmate; and that schoolmate a timid girl, not present. Indeed, the "large boys," usually so much dreaded by teachers, caused her the least trouble. They seemed proud of obeying her, or rather, of fulfilling her requests. Nice warm fires awaited her at all times, and every little attention so pleasing to a teacher, was rendered with the most sincere pleasure. And they were much further advanced in their studies than she had expected to find them from the younger members of the same families. But many of them had received their first lessons in other states, and been accorded greater privilege before the emigration of their parents.

One of the oldest girls was permitted to take Miss Gray's place, when she could be no longer induced to remain, and thus her peculiar manner of teaching remained a sort of type in the district.

Fanny Gray returned to her home, but not to her village school, although earnestly solicited to do so. Many wondered at her refusal, as the position was an advantageous one. But they ceased to wonder when a few months later the Hon. Thornton Williams came to claim the fulfilment of a promise, and carried her from among them, a loved and loving bride, to his beautiful home in one of the Western States.

# A Reminiscence of '61.

BY C. A. C. H.

How well I remember that morning in April, three years ago. I wonder, will anybody ever forget those days? Those Sumter guns vibrating to the northernmost hills, and sending echoes to every valley however narrow and remote. The nation's pulses felt the shock, and quickened under it as the pulses of the system answer to the bound of the startled heart. How individual trials, before seemingly overwhelming, shrunk to nothingness in the face of this wholesale calamity. How business stagnated. How social barriers tumbled. Our sympathies went out as fully to, and our tears flowed as freely for the poor washerwoman who sobbed out that "Jamie, the bairn, was jist bint on goin' to the war," as for the good and great man who wept unrestrainedly for his own and the nation's woes, but who said firmly, "Go, Geo ge, go; I bid you go; but, O, I never thought 'twould come to this! God forgive them!" And he who stood first and best in all our hearts throughout the commonwealth, deemed it not unmanly to wring his hands as he paced the library, while words precious as pearls fell on the ears of his stricken family, and tears sacred as the blood of heroes and martyrs coursed his aged cheeks.

We get on every page, and never once too often, sketches of hospital scenes; of the young life going out suddenly or slowly; of the deception practiced to let the delirious boy believe that mother, sister or that *other* one is ministering to his wants; of the letters when all is over to the anxious or in some cases to the unsuspecting family at home—all this we read with throbbing hearts and brimming eyes, but who shall tell us of the homes where these missives enter, bringing darkness, desolation, and sometimes, I fear, almost despair?

It was my purpose to picture faintly one of these, never doubting but there are thousands of unrecorded ones beside which mine would pale and grow insignificant; for our boy was summoned not from the carnage of the battlefield, the hideous prison or a slow death in the Chickahominy, but after a few brief weeks of camp life he sickened and died. Was he less a war martyr for this? I think not.

But to go back to that morning in April. It was after that first call for seventy-five thousand men had been rung through the length and breadth of the land, and it seemed to our excited minds as if it must almost depopulate

the country, at least of young men. Certainly this last call for a half million was heard with indifference compared with that. There were no quotas then apportioning a certain number to each town that *must* be raised, but in our own minds the homeless young men and worthless middle-aged ones were selected to go. Was ours of the number? No, not in a single instance. Talk of Spartan mothers and Roman matrons, it reads well, I admire them, but truth compels me to say that of all the mothers I have known who have given sons to this war, the utmost stretch of heroism has been to say, "If it *must* be I will try to bear it."

So when one night two stalwart boys went out from the home circle to one of those first volunteer meetings, we thought, as they said, it was only to see how the thing went on. We sat long over the dying embers deploring the sad state of things, present and prospective; but had the faintest panorama of the scenes which have since transpired been spread before our eyes, how should we have shrunk appalled at the vision. Well is it ordered that the future is hidden from our view.

A sleepless night was followed by a late morning nap, and when I entered the breakfast-room the family were gathered for the meal. How strangely they all looked. One had been weeping, and the rest wore a fixed and stolid expression, as if—but I couldn't understand it at all. A consciousness of some new trial impending crept over me, but there was no time for questions, and we drew round the board. Grace was said, though in a voice so husky as to be almost unintelligible, and when, the meal half over, one left the table in tears and another suffered them to fall silently in her lap, I said, "What is it?" I caught the shake of a head from across the table, meant for the one to whom I had spoken, but he answered, "She must know it sooner or later," and turning to me said, "J— has enlisted." I did not move, but I suppose my face, already blanched with sorrow, grew whiter, for a cup of water was placed to my lips, and the same kind voice faltered "Drink." I drank, and then my eyes sought J—'s. He had been trying long and manfully to govern his feelings, but now with a choking sob rushed from the room. In a moment I found voice and tears, exclaiming, "His mother, God help her!" It was a little prayer, only three words, but a fervent one, and I believe as effectual as the studied utterances of pulpit or prayer-book.

In the enthusiasm of the meeting on the

evening previous, J— had placed his name on the list with others, pledging to go on in a week—that time to be spent in a hurried visit to his home in western New York. He had come East to attend school, and in the vacations spent with us had so endeared himself to every one that we dreaded the separation even for a school term—and now he was going to the war. But there was no time for regrets or remonstrances, as he started for the cars in a half hour, and he held my hand only long enough to say, tearfully, "You see, Annie, there were men putting their names down there last night—educated, useful men—leaving wives and children behind; and could I, with no such tie, stand back and see it go on?" And there followed a dozen other good reasons for what he had done, proving him a patriot to the core, and regretting nothing but the pain it was giving his parents and friends. "Besides," he added, cheerfully, "I shall be back in a week; and by that time you will feel differently." There was some hope in this, and we kissed the dear boy good-by easier for thinking it was not the last. But it *was* the last; we never saw him again.

When he reached home there was a company forming there of his old companions in the Sunday-school and play-ground, with a beloved class leader for captain, and his mother said if he must go she preferred to have him go with them, as then she should hear from him whenever any among them wrote home. And so it was arranged. The intervening weeks were spent in strengthening the bonds of love, till to one heart at least it seemed as if parting must be death. She was fully persuaded in her own mind that he would never come back.

Mother, whose eye rests here, *you* remember just such feelings. We had not then become accustomed to war's grim visage, and it came so suddenly that we couldn't see anything else but our darlings huddled together, a sea of heads to be shot at, and if one fell, the remaining life to be trampled out by the hurrying feet of men and horses, till the dear faces we had pressed to our bosoms were unrecognizable, and the smooth limbs—O, God, the thought was torture. We did not know the facility with which letters could come and go; the exact place which every man was known to have filled, so that there need be no long weeks of agonizing suspense, always more harrowing than certainty even of the worst; neither did we know then what we do now, that though there have been cases of inexcusable neglect,

of surgery merely experimental, occasioning needless suffering with loss of life and limb, yet, regarded as a whole, the care and kindness our sick and wounded have received has no parallel in the world.

We never thought it strange, this presentiment of hers that she should never see her boy again; indeed, it was but natural. For fifteen years all her love, her every thought and aspiration, had been for this child, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," and who not similarly placed can tell how their hearts clung together. True, a late second marriage had given J—— two sweet young brothers, to be, not as in some instances dividing lines, but added links in the chain of affection. He was proud of the babes and their fair, sweet mother, never looking in her brown eyes but to feel a fresh assurance that he was still first. Sometimes in those last days, when he found her weeping silently, he would clasp both her and the babe she held in his loving arms, and seek, with hopeful words and promises, to reconcile her to the separation.

"Mother, to stay home would be to act in direct opposition to all the lessons you have ever taught me. It is my *duty* to go; nothing else impels me, or has from the first. I am dazzled by no rewards, lured by no promises beyond the hope of doing all that one pair of willing hands can do to put down rebellion, and save for you and the rest at home the blessings of a free country; for that is what it will amount to in the end, slavery for all or freedom for all."

Brave young patriot; how true were all his words, how exalted the motives by which he and those who went with him were actuated. Volunteering was not then a matter of a thousand dollars in or out of pocket; there were no bounties except the pittance of a hundred dollars, promised somewhere in the future, and that was scarcely thought or spoken of. Money was not the engine which set that first army in motion—it was patriotism, enthusiastic love of country, indignation at the perfidiousness of the serpent she had nursed in her bosom, and in each individual the desire predominated to put *his* heel on *its* head. The best proof of this statement lies in the fact that, in the writer's circle of acquaintance at least, *every one* who lived to return have re-enlisted; gone back to be in at the death.

There are men 'good and true now in the ranks, but their energies are weakened by having for every third man a convicted criminal, who escaped fine or imprisonment by en-

listing, or, what is worse, a boughten, copper-head substitute, who succeeds in arousing in the loyal breast only a desire to run through all traitors whether found in the Rebel or Union lines. In those first days there was little time spent by soldier or citizen hunting deserters or keeping men in their places. The army was a band of brothers, united heart and soul, the moving power a sense of duty, the object a triumph of right; and in the coming day, when heroes are marshalled to receive their promotion, will not they stand there as they stood here, **FIRST IN THE RANKS?** In many homes J——'s words will seem a mere repetition. "Do not say one discouraging word, mother; you are one of the thousands whose hearts must be broken by this war, for I must go at my country's call. Her dependence is in her young men, and if we fail her, what will be left for any of us to live for? And you at home must not be idle; you must work more and pray more."

But this state of things could not last always. Shudderingly the days and nights were counted, till the dreaded one of departure dawned. Everything was in readiness, so far as loving hands could make it. Hundreds were gathered in the streets to escort the company, the pride of the village, to the depot a half mile distant; but nothing could induce the mother to join this throng. She knew she could not be wholly silent, and she would not parade her grief to the public eye. There had been all along little seasons of prayer together, little words of counsel dropping from her lips, responded to with, "Yes, mother, I'll remember, you shall have no cause to blush for me." So this final moment brought only a lengthened, straining clasp, with sobs and kisses and tears.

Aged grand-parents and the stout-hearted father near were weeping like children, not for their own sorrows so much as that there was no balm to offer these. There was a call from the waiting group in the street, and with gentle violence the clinging arms were loosened, the half fainting form laid back on the sofa, and for a single instant J—— knelt, laying his head just where he used to sob away his childish griefs, and felt for the first time, as he afterwards confessed, that this was the last. Moments like these *could* come but once this side the grave; severings like this have no reunion but in Heaven. Half way to the gate he turned, and through the open door gathered in at a glance the dear form, the pale face with its closed lids, a picture to be borne about with

him in all the hours of absence, then silently joined his comrades.

There was many another sad parting scene in the village that morning, and at the depot a shaking of hands; low, tearful words, lingering, loving glances. I am certain there need be no fictions written for the next half century. Could the partings and meetings, the captures and escapes, the deaths and marriages which have been the immediate result of this war be fully delineated, a pen in every survivor's hand would fail to accomplish the task. Let them be recorded to the minutest detail for a hundred years hence, every incident pertaining to "The Rebellion" will be regarded with the same interest we have felt in the "Revolution."

For the soldier there was the excitement of travel, the novelty of camp life; for those at home "more work and more prayer." But there was a heaviness at the heart which even prayer could not lift. The hands went through their routine while the mind wandered off to camp, wondering what Billy or Georgey, the pets who used to make the house ring with their glee, were doing at this moment; whether their faces were blanched with sickness or their feet bearing them towards the battlefield; whether they were hopeful and cheerful as when they left, or were pining for the home voices which had never in their lives been missed so long before. Letters were looked for eagerly, and when received, held for a moment, while an involuntary supplication went up for strength to bear the contents whatever they might be.

J——'s breathed always the same loving spirit, the same unflinching faith in God's special care over him, and a disposition to say, "Thy will be done." He wished others to share in this feeling. When about to leave Staten Island for Washington, which was then threatened, he closed a letter with, "Mother, if I am not permitted to write or see you again, do not mourn my death, *think of my duty*. I am willing to leave all future prospects and be wrapped in the stars and stripes and laid in my grave. *Remember me in your prayers.*" He usually made this request, having an unlimited faith in the efficacy of prayer. And he was remembered, oh how often and how fervently, for her forebodings took a darker hue from his words, and the hours dragged wearily waiting and dreading the next news. She learned to start at sight of a stranger, and to watch anxiously the face of a friend, to know if he were the bearer of evil tidings. Soon enough they came—the tidings. A beloved comrade

wrote to say that J—— was ill of fever; he might be better soon, but it was thought best to let them know so, if the friends wished they might come on. That was all, but to the mother there need be nothing worse; it was the death blow to hope. To go to him was impossible, and with an anguish unutterable gnawing at the heart-strings, she could only strive to be reasonably calm and await the event. Self was forgotten in importunate pleadings that his life might be spared, at least to come home again, but if this were not in accordance with the divine will, that God would be his strength and support in the trying hour.

We who have sat at the bedside of an earthly idol, watching the cheek blanch, the eye grow lustreless; the failing breath, the silent lips, unanswering even to our wild kisses—never before unheeded—felt that there could be no deeper depths. With moral perceptions half deadened we begged that we might share, nay, endure all their suffering, even death, only so the beloved one might be restored to life and beauty. We tasted only the bitter dregs, forgetful of the mingled sweet for which many a breaking heart has vainly yearned—that of ministering to the latest wants, receiving the last loving kiss, the whispered farewell. Time, the great healer, brings reconciliation to death's divorce, but this regret lingers always,

"Had I only watched beside thee."

Who that has felt it shall attempt to portray the long drawn agony of those hours. Imagination pictured every conceivable shape of suffering with which disease could torture its victim; she heard her name called in the loud tones of delirium, and in half rational utterances he plead for "mother's" soft hand to press his brow and cool his lips. Often and often she saw him pale and quivering in the death struggles, then a faint ray of hope stole in, and she chided herself for being so overwhelmed on mere uncertainties.

A few days of this agonizing suspense, and a message came that all was over in camp. Then was heard the voice of lamentation, "Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted." Sometimes in the face of an impending calamity we say, with a fancied vain-glorious strength, "I know it must come, I am measurably prepared;" but when the blow falls, sink helpless, crushed beneath its weight. In the first smart of the stroke we forget the Hand that gave it, but after a little, green back to the foot of the cross, conscious

that nowhere else can the pain be eased, the burden lightened.

So now, when the half frantic wail ceased and coherent supplications were heard instead, we knew that Christ in his tenderness had reached down, whispering, "I will not leave you comfortless." "We are forbidden to murmur, but not forbidden to regret." Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and they said of Mary, "see, she goeth to the grave to weep." Filled with sorrow for the dear face she should see no more in life, this mother wept, but not as one without hope, for her son had gone home to Heaven.

J——'s death cast a gloom over the whole village. "He was greatly beloved," one writes, "for his noble, generous, and willing spirit." His home was the centre of interest, and friends came in throngs, anxious to show their sympathy in word and deed. The body was to be sent home for burial, and in a pleasant spot in the cemetery a grave was opened for its reception. Everything was in readiness at the appointed hour, still it was delayed, and for several days an escort went to the depot only to return disappointed and wondering. Excitement was at its height in the breasts of all, and telling fearfully on the health of one, when word came that a defect had been discovered in the metallic coffin, and the authorities would not allow it to be removed till cold weather.

Oh, those weary, dragging months; that waiting, gaping grave. It seemed as if calmness and quiet were never again to visit that stricken household. One after another of those visiting Washington were commissioned to attend the removal, but always some unforeseen difficulty presented itself, and finally a friend of the family, who had made earnest but fruitless efforts in their behalf, kindly advised them "to yield to the force of circumstances, and leave him to rest where he had fallen at the post of Duty." He was buried in the government cemetery near Alexandria with hundreds of his compatriots of the high and low in office.

So the grave at home was refilled.\* Slowly died the hunger for the questionable comfort of again beholding the dear features; making sad pilgrimages to, and finally reposing beside him in his last resting-place; but there was no help for it, and you who acknowledged

God for your Father know where strength was sought, and resignation found; 'twas in the assurance that though severed here, a blissful reunion awaits them in the home where partings never come.

"Say ye, 'his life is lost;  
Our home's sweet comfort and our crown of hope?"  
Nay, friends! his life has now a grander scope,  
A living holocaust  
To God, and Truth, and Right.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A hero-heart is still,  
And eyes are sealed, and loving lips are mute,  
Which bore on earth the spirit's golden fruit,  
But peace! It was God's will."

\* The same stream which chants its endless requiem near this beautiful cemetery, a few miles farther down sings to the home of the young hero whose last words were, "Now, take your thumb off Charlie

## Margaret.

Rupert Wayne stooped to pick up the scarlet bean flowers which had fallen from her hair.

"Margaret," he said gently.

Miss Grey's face looked white and haughty as she averted it from his steady gaze.

"I cannot breathe here," at length she said, in a quick, nervous manner, "these heavy vines keep the air out. I shall go up the mountain for laurel."

Mr. Wayne could have held her back, but she broke away half passionately, and hurried down the long garden walks. Some one called to her from an upper hall window, but she kept steadily onward, her fresh morning dress brushing the dew from the English violets, clustering at the edges of the flower-beds.

Miss Grey's Aunt Belinda came quickly down the staircase, the spotless strings of her morning cap fluttering behind her.

"Impetuous like her father," she said, stepping out upon the cool veranda, and laying her hand on Rupert Wayne's arm. "Where is she going?" she asked, observing that Margaret had struck into a by-path.

"She has taken a freak to go up the mountain. I came to beg an explanation of her conduct last evening."

Miss Belinda's kind countenance grew troubled. She fidgeted a moment with her cap strings.

"Then she does not know that you must leave our village early to-morrow morning?"

"She gave me no chance of telling her."

"I wish it could be otherwise," said Miss

Belinda, hesitatingly; "that is, I think you perfectly right in going; but I wish your departure might be deferred."

Mr. Wayne cleared his voice with a slight cough—

"I have been abroad, as you well know," he began, "travelling with my invalid mother, since these troubles broke out. When I laid her ashes in the little English burial ground at Florence, I hurried homeward to add my arm to those already raised against the traitors of our country. Shall I turn laggard now?"

Miss Belinda raised her hands pleadingly—

"Heaven knows I do not wish that," she said. She drew a step nearer, and her voice sank as she said, in hurried tones, "Margaret, as you know, is a Southerner. She has two brothers fighting in the Confederate army. Nevertheless she was loyal to the North until your old college friend Harry Gambier, so worked upon her fiery impulsiveness as to poison her mind, and set her fiercely against us."

Mr. Wayne started, the red blood mounted to his forehead.

"His grounds join ours," Miss Belinda continued. "You can see the house through those young beeches. He has been over here practising and singing with Margaret ever since he bought the place."

Mr. Wayne bit his lip as though to keep down bitter words. His cheek wore a deeper hue, and his eyes flashed when he did speak.

"I wrote Gambier from Vienna," he said, slowly, "where I first heard of his defection, and implored him for God's sake not to desert

the old flag; a reply came—cool, insolent, scornful. I penned one more word to him, thenceforth we were to be as strangers, as I could never press the palm of a traitor. I need no explanation now of Margaret's conduct last evening—her vehemence and passion, in declaring that if I still determined joining the army, she would consider our engagement null and void. I must go up the mountain instantly in search of her. She *must* listen now to what I have to say."

"She is wilful and passionate, and is in no mood to bear reproaches. Rupert, Rupert, do not be harsh with her; she loves you," Miss Belinda exclaimed, half frightened at his stern set features.

"Her love for me should have proved a shield against the shafts of doubt aimed at her loyalty by Gambier," said Mr. Wayne, bitterly. "His false friendship, or my love—she shall choose which ever she will." He sprang down the steps, and was soon lost to view.

Two hours afterwards, Margaret Grey swung open the wicket gate, and walked slowly past the flower beds, and into the house. Miss Belinda looked up breathlessly from her work-basket into Margaret's white, resolute face, and asked no questions, but sighed softly to herself the remainder of the day.

Mr. Gambier was absent about this time, adding to his choice collection of minerals. Margaret missed their daily practising and frequent rides, and for want of occupation took to walking into the village after the letters.

One morning Miss Belinda was in the old park belonging to her estates, and seeing Margaret coming up the steep road leading from the village, walked on to meet her. Hearing footsteps, Margaret raised her drooped face.

"Margaret! darling! what has happened?" Miss Belinda exclaimed, in a frightened voice. She hastily untied the young girl's hat to give her more air.

Margaret's white lips moved slowly. "Must Rupert die, Aunt Belinda? Is God cruel—will He take him from me?"

"My child, my child, what makes you talk so wildly?"

"Will he die auntie? *must* he die," she repeated in a frightened whisper.

"No, my darling, no," said Miss Belinda, huskily, taking from Margaret's nerveless fingers a crumpled letter.

Margaret wrung her hands despairingly.

"He is stricken down with brain fever at

Washington, auntie—he will die, and it is my fault. I have been so cruel to him."

Miss Belinda brushed the blinding tears from her eyes, and tried to read on composedly.

"I wish your cousin Edgar had written us sooner," she said, slipping the letter into her pocket, and vainly striving to hide her anxiety from Margaret's watchful eyes.

"We must go to Washington, auntie. I want to hear Rupert say, before the worst comes, that he forgives me." Margaret came and laid her blanched cheek upon her aunt's shoulder.

Miss Belinda bent over the quiet face, and pressed a kiss with unsteady lips upon her niece's forehead, and the two came out from under the shadows of the old trees, and walked silently towards the house.

"The worst will soon come," the Washington physician had said to Mrs. Clive, a gentle widow lady, who had begged the privilege of administering at the sick bed of her friend's son. "Even should he be conscious when awakening, nothing but a miracle could save him." So the fiat had gone forth. Quietly Mrs. Clive put back the delicate drapery which fell around the bed, and gazed through a blinding mist in her soft gray eyes, at Helen Wayne's son, thinking how widely apart the mother and son would sleep the last dreamless sleep.

The sick man lay in a stupor.

"When will he be conscious?" she asked of the kind, watchful physician.

"At any moment. I have a patient on the next hall, and will return almost immediately," he whispered, cautiously.

A soft tap sounded at the door. The physician answered it; and remained several seconds on the outside. When he reëntered the room, a young lady was with him. She had evidently removed her bonnet in haste, for the soft bands of hair were disarranged. Her face was young and sweet, save for a look of unrest, which shadowed it. The physician pointed to a chair close to the bedside. She walked steadily towards it, and sat down, fastening her eyes as if forever, upon the sick man's face. By and by the unrest faded, and a wretched hopelessness settled upon her countenance.

Mrs. Clive's heart ached for the fair, silent girl, whom she surmised to be the Margaret Rupert Grey had raved so constantly about, when his fever had been at its height. Margaret had been cruel, she had learned from those wild ravings, and she searched the young, fair

face before her with compassionate, womanly tenderness, and read naught there, save the mute anguish of an unavailing remorse.

"Let her be the first to speak to him, should he become conscious," the physician whispered, his mouth close to Mrs. Clive's ear. The hours waned. Twilight filled the corners of the room. Margaret Grey had not stirred—had scarcely seemed to breathe, while her wide, mournful eyes had remained fixed upon the sick man's face.

As Mrs. Clive noiselessly placed a shaded lamp on the little table, Margaret suddenly, but like a spirit, in her soft quiet, arose, and bent over Rupert Grey's pillow. Her sharpened ear had detected a slight variation in his breathing. Hope and despair wrestled for mastery in her large dark eyes, as she watched with agonized intentness for some sign of returning consciousness.

Mrs. Clive turned away her own face, she could not bear the sight of that anguished watching and waiting. The minutes seemed hours; when the silence of the room had become insupportable, she raised her anxious face and looked towards Margaret Grey. Mrs. Clive held her breath—for into those wild, troubled eyes, had stolen a peace which passeth man's understanding; the rigid lines of the young face had relaxed, the fair white hands were clasped with the fervor of a new-born hope. Still Margaret remained motionless as a statue—but the hope and peace deepened upon her beautiful countenance. Another moment—and she was kneeling by the bedside, her face buried from view.

Mrs. Clive approached the bed on tip-toe. Rupert Wayne appeared sinking into a quiet slumber. Light as were her movements, Margaret had heard her; she raised her face over which the tears were now streaming—

"God is not cruel," she said, under her breath. "He will let Rupert live. Strength seemed to come to him when he opened his eyes, and saw me bending over him—he smiled, yes, Rupert knew me and smiled—see he is sleeping—he will not die."

About midnight Rupert Wayne awoke. The physician put Margaret aside with a firm but gentle hand—

"The sight of you now might undo all," he said, kindly.

"And he will live?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes."

"Affliction has been a sore, but a wise teacher," Mrs. Clive said, drawing Margaret gently from the room.

returned, which was to be in the course of a month or two. We have a fancy that we should like from some convenient stand-point to "take observations" on that meeting.

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"There," said little four-year-old, as she laid "dolly" away in the cradle, "now I must go and write my *compernichus*."

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We learn that Dickens the novelist has bought the famous "Great Bed of Ware," to which reference has been made by so many of the old poets.

In Shakspeare's play of "Twelfth Night, or What you Will," Sir Toby Belch tells his friend, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, to send a challenge to the young page:—

"Go write it in a martial hand—be curst and brief. It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the license of ink. If thou *thout* him some thrice it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the *Bed of Ware* in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink: though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter about it."

This old relic will accommodate forty persons, and was sold for five hundred dollars.

### OUR WHATNOT.

Since the war commenced, we have been amused with the constantly recurring "matrimonial advertisements" of soldiers in the army. A friend writes us that the other day her cook, a full-blooded African, exhibited to her the "carte" of a very good-looking young soldier, with whom, she said, she had maintained for a year "correspondence with a view to matrimony," and with whom she had "appointed a meeting" as soon as his regiment